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D. N. PRAKASH, *Sqn.-Leader,*  
*Dy. Military Secy. to the Governor-General.*



# DANCE IN MADRID





JANET RIESENFELD

*Photograph by Walter Engel*

# *Dancer* in Madrid

By  
JANET RIESENFELD

*with Drawings by*  
LYLE JUSTIS



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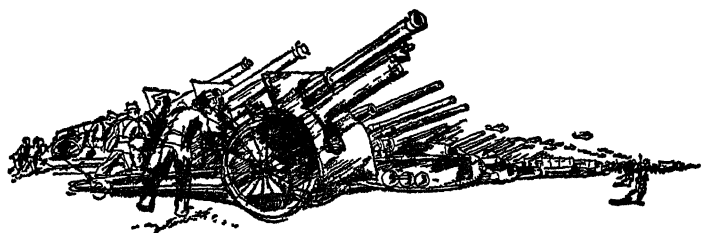
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TO  
MY MOTHER & FATHER





## *An Introduction that Must be Read*

**T**HIS book is an autobiography covering less than six months of my life. Brief as they were and swiftly as they passed, those months altered the whole pattern of my existence.

I went to Spain a thoughtless, self-sufficient girl of twenty-one. Like thousands of others, I read the newspapers and shared in heated discussions about what was going on in the world, but I always felt it was happening very far from me and I need not concern myself seriously about it. I returned with a deep awareness of others, not only those who were close by, but those who had always seemed to be very far away.

Before, only those things which touched my private life were a personal problem to me. Now universal problems are also my own. The past half-year has changed me, but it has also changed the course of the world.

No adult or adolescent person can disregard what is happening in these times. Certainly the men or women crossing from adolescence to maturity cannot disregard it. They have their careers to choose, their lives to plan, their dreams to realize—the responsibility of deciding whether they are to remain strictly in their private worlds or to enlist their sympathies and understanding in the wider

one. This is not the only time in the world's history when the combined forces of the wisdom of maturity and the strength of youth have been needed to guide us through change and chaos. But this is our time, our world, and ours the change and the chaos.

I was forced to make my choice in more tragic circumstances than most will have to, but a choice they will have to make. It is inevitable. By facing that fact now they may be able to avoid paying the price that others, who awoke too late, are having to pay. I feel sure that anyone placed in the same position that I was, having seen what I saw, could decide only as I did.

It is not a question of political creed, but one of a human ideal. I belong to no faction. I am only one of the vast and growing army of liberals who are coming out of their corners and are beginning to face the facts of the actual world, the entire world, ten times more vital and interesting than the realms of pure fancy and intellect; who believe in the socialization of the individual mind and will; who no longer recognize frontiers as spiritual barriers, but as mere physical landmarks. The issue is not the surrender of personal ideals, but rather the enlargement of them to encompass those of others.

The Spain I found was not the Spain I had pictured. I went there for two reasons—work and love. Both were completely overshadowed by a greater force. That force was life and death, so united that one did not know where life ended and death began.

What lay between? Terror and horror. But death itself was unimportant, an unavoidable price to be paid for that which had to be gained. Certainly if most of those who fell on the different war sectors these last few

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months were given the chance to come back they would dismiss the fact of their own death as inconsequential and go forth to die again.

What did death mean to those who remained? A greater vitality, a deeper intensity to justify living, a sharpening of the senses, an acute determination to live, to fight, to achieve to-day. All the to-morrows would not be enough—and there might be no to-morrow.

*Mañana* is a forgotten word in Spain.

Also forgotten are the ancient differences between the peoples themselves. This fiery country, made up of such radically contrasting types as the inhabitants of Catalonia, Andalusia, Castile, and the Basque provinces, all so divergent in character and tradition that they might come from the four corners of the earth, has been united in a common belief. Why should we not believe that this is symbolic of what will one day characterize the whole world? One day? If we look carefully about us now we can observe that it is already taking seed.

There are some truths too deep to be analysed, as there are certain emotions too overpowering to be communicated. They must appeal to your sensibilities, not to your intelligence. Into this class fall all the great values, love, honour, beauty, heroism, any concept which is an ideal. They must be felt rather than thought out.

This alone explains how people of different nations, speaking only their own language and having no tangible means of contact with each other, are brought together so completely. Disregarding the thread of their own lives, they join their destinies. Surely the least we can give a man who lays down his life for an ideal is, if not our understanding, our respect.



Understanding is knowing. You know these things or you do not know them, feel them or you do not feel them. There is no half-way.

Once, when I complained to José Maria of my physical nearsightedness, he said, half-seriously, "Your myopia should never prevent your seeing. One sees better with understanding."

You do not know José Maria yet, but you will get to know him later on; him and the dozens of friends and enemies I made in Madrid who made my five months there so unforgettable. Like Jaime and myself, every character who appears in this book is a real person. Exaggerated as some of them may seem, I have not over-emphasized their peculiarities. I was fortunate in having the opportunity to observe them close at hand as I lived right among them, with them, and shared their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears. Except for my last night in Madrid, I never stayed at the embassy; at no time did I live at a *pension* or club. My contact was with the people themselves—those same people who in any country supply the flesh and blood and reveal its collective, many faceted soul.



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I

## Background

*Hoy se ven las nubes de la lluvia de mañana.*

To-day we see the clouds of to-morrow's rain.

SPANISH PROVERB

**I**F I had been able to take the eight o'clock train from Paris to Madrid, as I intended, this book would probably never have been written.

The boat on which I had arrived the evening before had docked four hours late, delaying the transfer of baggage from Le Havre, so that, although I was already waiting impatiently in the Gare d'Orsay at seven-thirty in the morning, my trunk did not make its appearance until five minutes after eight.

Of course I was irritated, perhaps far more than I should have been at such a minute delay, but I had rushed from California by 'plane and by the fastest boat, and even three hours seemed an age to wait. Irritated? What would I have felt had I known then that the train which I had been forced to miss was the last one to cross the Spanish frontier for many months?

It was a gloomy Paris Sunday, and the atmosphere in the station did not dispel the gloom. Late in July—the 19th, to be exact—the heat was oppressive, and I was tempted to do nothing but arrange my affairs and sit in a *café* to think



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of Madrid, for I felt as if I was already there. Paris meant nothing to me, the journey less. At last the gates were opened.

Seated in the train, I felt a tremendous wave of excitement. This was the last stage. To-morrow—Spain, and everything that Spain meant to me: the mad mixture of *fiestas*, sunshine, *manzanilla*, gipsies, music, dancing—everybody's dancing, especially my dancing—but more than anything the thought of Jaime.

But let me pause here long enough to give a glimpse of the earlier years and events that had shaped my life and caused me to be speeding towards the Spanish border on a French train.

My father, Hugo Riesenfeld, has curly black hair, and a bald spot which has been worrying him for the past thirty years. The greatest humiliation of his life was in the picture *Humoresque*, in which he was photographed conducting the orchestra, and the make-up man insisted upon blackening the bald spot because it reflected the lights. He has blue eyes and very red lips, a small moustache, and a way with the ladies. A typical musician, shy and sensitive, I do not see how he made his way up to prominence on Broadway of all places, where a certain amount of hard-boiledness is necessary. Apart from his never-failing good humour, small economies, generosity, his other most outstanding quality is his absent-mindedness. When I was a baby, on the days that my mother did the washing, she used to send my father to Riverside Drive to take me for a ride in my baby-carriage. But after he had left me there, forgotten twice, my mother had to let the washing go.

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After a number of years he got used to the fact that I was his daughter and recognized me when I came into the room. Many years later, it was not until I was divorced that he remembered I had been married three years before. He still doesn't know what my married name was. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that he has been known to shave with shoe-polish instead of shaving-cream, has caused us to have the floor of the bathroom reinforced, as he never fails to let the sink or the tub run over, and often says "good-bye" when he comes in, and "hello" when he goes out, he has a phenomenal memory and extremely wide culture.

He was born in Vienna, the son of an unsuccessful lawyer. He played the violin when he was seven years old, won a scholarship at the Vienna Conservatoire of Music, played before the Emperor, and was earning his living as a teacher by the time he was fourteen. At eighteen he had become first violinist at the Vienna Imperial Opera, and had composed and conducted his own ballets there. A brilliant academic future loomed ahead.

This was cut short, however, when he was elected spokesman by the orchestra when they demanded an increase in salary. The request of ten pounds a month instead of eight pounds a month was considered an unheard-of impertinence by the directors of the Opera. Unable to fire the whole orchestra, they let the spokesman have it. The result was that two weeks later my father stepped off the second-class gang-plank of a boat and landed in America, with his violin clutched in one hand and a score of *Tristan* in the other.

Three months later he made his *début* as an organist (he had never played the organ before) at the Irving Place

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Theatre. He gave up at the end of the week; the leg-pumping compelled him to go about on crutches for three days. But Oscar Hammerstein, hearing of young Riesenfeld's presence in town, engaged him as concert-master of the Manhattan Opera House, with which he remained until it closed. During this time he met a very beautiful girl who was singing in the opera. That beautiful girl is my mother.

For the first few years of their marriage it was a constant struggle to pay the rent. The first six months after my birth the family lived on Daddy's ability to inspire Isadora Duncan with his violin-playing as she rehearsed in her New York studio. But when I was one year old Roxy gave my father a job as conductor at the Rialto Theatre. By the time I was seven he was managing director of the Rivoli, Rialto, and Criterion theatres, and also making the musical scores for the year's outstanding pictures. He used to rush from theatre to theatre in taxis, until finally he was nicknamed "Rushingfeld" instead of "Riesenfeld."

His earning power had now increased to nearly twenty thousand pounds a year, but this in no way changed our mode of life. Our house was larger, we had servants and cars, but the same people who had come to a three-room apartment on 108th Street came to our new address. The atmosphere in my home has always been one of the warmest informality. We had open house twenty-four hours a day, and there were always a number of prominent musicians and artists of every field to be found in deep conversation or playing the piano or violin. There would have been no order or sanity in our house, with people constantly coming and going, meals to be served at all hours, and exasperated servants to be calmed, had

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it not been for my mother. Beautiful, gracious, she walked through this madhouse completely unruffled. Her soft voice soothed the maids, ironed out the difficulties, and even the distraught nerves of many of the artists seemed to relax when they were in her presence. As for me, she insisted that my life be one of the strictest routine and discipline.

For four consecutive summers we had in Maine a large house which my mother aptly called 'the hotel.' It had sixteen bedrooms which were always occupied. My father would rush up every other week-end just to let every one know that he was the host. During the two days that he was there pandemonium would break loose. There would be picnics, chamber-music, parties, elaborate practical jokes. He would rush back to the city, rested, and every one else would go to bed to recuperate. His energy was something which amazed even the most hardy showman. A showman goes into intensive activity when he has to stage one show, but that was my father's schedule the whole year round.

My father worked so intensely, not because of the money involved, but because he thrived on excitement, tension, work. Even at home it was impossible for him to sit still. During meal-times he always got up after each course and walked round the room.

After ten years as managing director of these three theatres he resigned and we went to Europe. When he returned he went to Hollywood as musical director for United Artists. And that is where my story should begin.

I was born an eight months' child in the Child and Nursery Hospital in New York City. At the time my



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father was filling an engagement with a bankrupt opera company in Atlantic City; when he learned of my premature arrival he had to be forcibly restrained from throwing himself into the ocean. Whether he had a premonition of the twenty-one years of worry ahead of him, or whether the fact that he was completely broke accounted for his despair, I do not know.

Of my early youth I must believe what my mother tells me. During my first year I suffered every conceivable ailment, and only escaped dying through what must be attributed to a more than generous providence. Even my Hungarian aunt's home remedy of putting me in the kitchen stove to cure a cold caused no serious harm. Snatched from the oven by my frantic mother, I suffered no more than a slight choking sensation.

My first expression of independence came with my learning to talk. I have a New England grandmother, who had been in Turkey since my birth and returned to America only after I had begun to make my first attempt at speech. A daughter of the American Revolution and a descendant of one of the thousands who jammed the *Mayflower* to overflowing, she was horrified when she found the few words I spoke were German. Although she tried in every way to have me say 'horse' instead of *pferd*, and 'dog' instead of *hund*, I continued to speak only German until I was two. This began a friendly feud which has lasted until to-day. I never could be any more impressed by my New England ancestry on my mother's side than by my Austro-Hungarian heritage on my father's.

My formal education began at the age of four when I was sent to a kindergarten. From then on it embraced

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a Spanish governess, French private schools, American public schools, a progressive coeducational school in Greenwich, Connecticut, and a finishing school on Fifth Avenue. I graduated from High School when I was fourteen, and by sixteen had taken two years of extension courses at the University of Southern California.

My informal education, which had much more to do with the shaping and influencing of my life, began with my first bedtime story, which was told to me by my father's dearest friend, Josiah Zuro, prominent musician.

They had met at the Manhattan Opera House, where my father was concert-master and Zuro (at eighteen) was the chorus-master. In fact, he introduced my mother to my father. They were inseparable from then on. He ate at our house every day, and when my father became managing director of the theatres he made Zuro conductor. When my father came to Hollywood Zuro also came as musical director at the Pathé motion-picture studio. All this meant only a change in locale; their friendship was as close as ever until Zuro was killed in a motor accident on his way to San Diego when he was forty years old.

He was a man of such unusual personality that I do not believe anyone could ever say of him, "Oh, you remind me of —." The ruling passion of his life was music. He founded and supported the Sunday Symphonic Society of New York, an orchestra of seventy-five musicians which used to give concerts every Sunday morning. They were presented free of charge. Every cent he had went into this organization. It literally broke him, so that he would have to borrow money from my father to buy an overcoat.

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He had a tremendous sense of humour and a fantastic imagination. The bedtime story he began when I was four years old grew up with me. He was still telling stories to me when he was killed. These stories grew in magnitude and import according to my comprehension. Suffice it to say that only a Russian could invent such a variety of wild and strange tales. The *Thousand and One Nights*



of Scheherazade paled into insignificance beside his accounts of one-legged horses that sank into the earth and emerged snorting and breathing fire at some point thousands of miles away. The execution and torture of some wicked king or queen by irate subjects took a whole week. When I was older his stories took on a more serious and realistic colouring and had the grasp of a highly intelligent man who understood the major problems and needs of the world.

Music and every form of art were part of my education, but my main passion was reading and dancing. My father had an extensive library which was able to keep me supplied for a good many years; from Racine, Corneille,

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and Molière to Goethe and Schiller, to the modern French and Russian classics.

Even as a little girl I had wanted to be a dancer. When I was four years old every time my father played the violin I would insist on getting up and improvising to the music. Particularly one Norwegian dance he used to play brought forth a great deal of convulsive stamping on my part. However, the only person who seemed to be impressed by my dancing ability at this age was Artur Bodanski, conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House. He prophesied a great career for me in this field—although I'm afraid he meant as a comic dancer, as he always laughed himself sick at these first efforts of mine. Nevertheless my talent went unrecognized and I was not allowed to study for the profession. True, at five I was sent to a dancing school, where "little bodies were made strong and beautiful" through rhythmic exercises and the wearing of Greek tunics and wreaths of flowers. My mother was finally asked to withdraw me from these classes after I had for the seventh time pricked all the beautiful coloured balloons which we were supposed to waft to one another with swaying and flowing motions.

Later, and only after strong insistence on my part, I was permitted to take up ballet dancing; but this so absorbed me that it made me neglect all my other studies, and my mother forced me to stop my lessons. Probably, underneath, my father and mother entertained a hope that I would be a fine pianist some day, as I had a talent for this instrument. But though I played the piano and studied singing, in my heart I always wanted to dance. It was the one art in which I did not feel self-conscious. But

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the trouble was when I was old enough to insist upon my choice of a career I did not know what type of dancing to take up. I never liked ballet dancing for myself. The Isadora Duncan type of dancing had less appeal for me. And the modern school of character dancing, as we now know it, was not yet in vogue; character dancing was a form still connected with the ballet and ballet technique.



But one day, in one of the programmes that my father put on at the Rivoli Theatre, I saw a Spanish dancer. I was so impressed with her work that I went back-stage to meet her. When I told her that I had always wanted to be a dancer she asked my father's permission to take me to her old dancing master.

I studied with Maestro Ortega, West Fifty-seventh Street, for two years. He was an old man of sixty-five. In all the time that I studied with him I never knew him to change his clothes; each time I came for a lesson he would emerge from a cellar clad in a dirty pyjama top, a pair of trousers, and soft ballet shoes. His face was so wrinkled that he resembled a mummy. Perched on top

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of this parchment countenance was a lovely peruke of the most beautiful soft brown curls. I had to leave Ortega when we moved to Hollywood.

During my first year in Hollywood the great Russian master Michel Fokine came there. He came to our house for dinner, and a mutual friend insisted that I dance for him. After he had seen me Fokine thought so much of my talent that he told my father he was willing to give me daily lessons as long as he remained in Los Angeles, and if I chose to follow him to New York this arrangement still would hold good. But this event, which would have overwhelmed me so short a time before, was unimportant to me at that moment. I was deeply in love.

I had been in Hollywood only a short time when I met Jaime Castanys. He was born in Barcelona; his parents were wealthy and belonged to one of the oldest families in Catalonia. Even for Hollywood he was incredibly handsome. Exceptionally tall, his face was grave, almost stern. He had straight, soft black hair, heavy brows, and deep brown eyes. Only his mouth, unusually red, with firm, sensual lips, relieved the sombre impression that he made. His manner was extremely reserved and a trifle arrogant.

Quite by accident he had won a film contest sponsored by a large Hollywood studio to select the handsomest man in Spain. He had accompanied a friend of his who had gone to enter for the test, and when the director saw Jaime he persuaded him to enter too. When a week later he received a letter telling him that he had been chosen as winner and that a contract in Hollywood awaited him he didn't know what to do. His parents had planned a

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diplomatic career for him. They were shocked that he had done anything so vulgar as to try out for a screen test, even in jest; but, of course, there could be no question of his accepting. Whether it was the desire to see America or that he wanted to break away from the domination of his old-fashioned family, Jaime defiantly accepted the contract and left Spain. His parents did not even write to him for more than a year.

I had met Jaime at the home of some Spanish friends of mine recently arrived from Mexico City. From the first we were drawn to one another. Perhaps if he had known how young I was he would not have made any advances; but when I finally told him my age he was already as deeply in love with me as I was with him.

At first my parents objected to my seeing Jaime so frequently, but imperceptibly they came to like him so much that they did not notice that I managed somehow to see him every day. Our interests were the same, even in dancing. He would go with me to my Spanish dancing lessons, and after watching me for a number of weeks, started to learn some of the folk dances himself. For our own pleasure we would dance together; he was such a fine dancer that he received many offers to enter the field professionally. At the end of the year we shocked my parents by telling them that we wished to be married.

Apart from the fact that I was barely fifteen and Jaime was just twenty, there were a number of more practical objections to be raised. Jaime had left the studio. Despite his good looks he had been given no part, and he felt that he could not go on accepting a salary which he did nothing to earn. He hoped that by free-lancing he would be able

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to get not only a wage but work. But now after three months he had found nothing. If he could not secure a job in America he would have to return to Spain. My parents had no intention of allowing me to go off alone without even knowing how his people might receive me. From all Jaime had told me about them they were extremely straitlaced and intolerant. Ardent Catholics and nationalists, they would undoubtedly frown on Jaime's marriage to anyone not of their choice. So, despite all my pleas, I was sent weeping and protesting to a finishing school in the East. I moped there for six months, writing constantly to Jaime, but before I was able to return to Hollywood he had been forced to leave for Spain. His permit to remain here had expired and could not be renewed. I saw him for a few hours on his way through New York—the last time I was to see him for the next six years. He promised to send for me as soon as he had established himself in whatever field his father chose for him, and I promised to wait for him no matter how long.

But two years later I married another man. All those who had known Jaime said that my husband was Jaime's blond counterpart. Tall, handsome, serious, he was all that any woman could ask for in a husband. Yet after three years we both agreed that it would be better for us to separate. No one was at fault, certainly not my husband. Perhaps it was just that I had never forgotten Jaime. During the years of my marriage we had moved back to Hollywood. I had not heard from Jaime since I had written of my marriage. I had gone back to my dancing and begun to do a great deal of professional work. At first I did only Spanish dancing, but then I met the great Japanese dancer Michio Ito, and had the honour of dancing



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with him as his partner. I left him to go to Mexico City, where I had received an offer to open a large new theatre. While down there I expected to take the opportunity of obtaining a quiet divorce.

The first people I saw when I arrived were my friends who six years before had introduced me to Jaime. That evening at dinner they casually asked me if I knew that he was in Mexico City. My heart began to pound. Undeniably, underneath, my feelings had never changed. They asked me if I would like to see him again. And I frankly said I would.

Three nights later we met at dinner. Why does a man seem to be able to control his feelings so much better than a woman? Afterwards he told me that he had been just as nervous, just as upset as I was by our meeting, but no one would have known it. He was natural, said he was glad to see me, that I had not changed much, then turned away and for the rest of the evening carried on an intent conversation with his host. As for myself, a perfect stranger would have known that I was under a strain and that the cause of the strain was the man sitting at the opposite end of the table. During the dinner some mention was made of my divorce, and though Jaime in no way diverted his attention to me at that time, before we left he asked if he could see me home. In the taxi he was silent, and I began to wonder why he had bothered to escort me. But as we drew near to my apartment he asked me if I was leaving my husband for some one else. When I told him no he replied that for a long time he had thought he hated me. He said that perhaps he had taken his first love too seriously—evidently I had not.

By this time we had arrived at my house. He saw me

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to the door, and, kissing my hand, said that if I was not busy he would call the next day.

He not only called the next day, but every day after that. We went everywhere together. On excursions around the city, to Cuernavaca, to Taxco, to the beautiful floating gardens of Xochimilco. Each Sunday found us at the bull-fights. Any concert given, we were in the audience. My original three weeks' engagement had been extended to three months, and even had I not been dancing I could not have torn myself away from Mexico as long as Jaime was there. During these weeks I had a chance to note whatever change time had effected in him. I must say that, just as he found little difference in me, I saw only the maturing of those qualities which I had loved in him before. I felt that there would be complete happiness with him for me because our tastes were so much alike. Music, which meant so much in my life, was an art which he was not only capable of appreciating, but which he really understood. He was much more widely read than I, and in general had a cultural standard I could respect. Yet week after week passed, and he said nothing about his feeling for me—whether it was completely dead, or unchanged.

I knew that he was here on business. He had been very successful in Spain and was head of a large tourist bureau in Madrid. One day he came to me and told me he had just received a wire calling him back to Madrid at once. He would have to leave Mexico City the same night



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for Vera Cruz and catch the boat to Spain. In that short afternoon we made all our plans for our future together. He told me then that he had always loved me, had never been able to care for anyone else. At first his pride, combined with the fact that he wasn't sure of me, had made him hesitate. But now, since he had to leave, he could not delay any more; would I marry him when my divorce was final? Happily I promised to join him in Spain as soon as possible.

At the train his last words were, "I'm a little afraid to leave you this time."

"Don't worry, darling, I'll be leaving in a few months."

It wasn't a few months, however; three weeks later I was on my way to Spain.

A few days after Jaime's departure I received an offer for a concert tour which was to begin in Madrid. It came about in this way. About five weeks before La Argentinita, who ranked as Spain's greatest dancer after La Argentina, came to Mexico City on a tour. With her came her sister and her partner, Miguel Albaicin, a real Spanish gipsy. They stayed in Mexico giving concerts, every one of which, either with or without Jaime, I attended. The one who stole the whole show was Miguel, which was in a way very unfair, for, fine gipsy dancer and handsome though he is, Argentinita is a great artist. A prominent *impresario* of the United States who was there and had seen me dance suggested that I dance with Miguel. Under certain conditions he would give us both a series of concerts in Europe, leading up to a New York appearance the following January. Apart from the fact

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that I now had a definite excuse to take me to Spain immediately, it meant the realization of all my artistic ambitions.

I knew Miguel and liked him. Jaime and I had met him first at a *soirée* given in a private home for Argentinita. I had spoken with Miguel quite a while that evening and asked him if he would be willing to teach me some routines while he was there. He had been very charming and had agreed to do so, refusing any sort of remuneration. In fact he had been quite offended, saying that there could be no question of payment between fellow-artists.

Miguel, when approached with the offer made me, was enthusiastic. His year's tour with Argentinita was to end with a final concert in Vera Cruz, and then they were to sail for Spain within the next ten days. Madrid was his home; Madrid was where we were to give our first concert; Madrid was where Jaime lived. All roads led to Madrid.

Within a week after Jaime had left I was back at home in Hollywood. I had flown from Mexico City to spend a few days with my parents before leaving for an indefinite stay in Spain. There was an unexplainable delay with my divorce papers. But my lawyer had promised to wire me as soon as everything was final.

My parents were more than pleased that everything had turned out so well in both my private and professional life. The only unpleasant moment I had during my weeks at home was due to a wire I received from Jaime which said: "Darling—Delay departure for few months. Jaime." But, feeling sure that this could have nothing to do with our own future, I ignored the wire. My parents

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took me to the station, kissed me good-bye, smiling and waving, trying not to show their sadness at my departure. But I know they felt for the first time that I was really leaving—and so it seemed to me. I was twenty-one years old, and on my way to Spain.

## II

### *Hendaye*

*España prefiere morir de pie que vivir de rodilla.*

Spain prefers to die on her feet rather than live on bended knees.

DOLORES IBARRURI ("LA PASIONARIA")

As the train wove its way out of the grey suburbs of Paris into the fresh, green country I glanced about at the other passengers. There were some twenty, all comfortable in deep chairs behind small tables, for the car was a combination club and observation lounge. Near me were a middle-aged Frenchman, a pillar of the *bourgeoisie*, and his fifteen-year-old son, but I spoke with no one until lunch-time. My table companions proved to be the ruddy Frenchman and the boy. Here, under the mellowing influence of good food and wine, both of which the father consumed in enormous quantities, constantly urging his son to eat and drink more, like a mother hen clucking over her chicks, the reserve broke down.

"*Etes-vous Américaine, mademoiselle?*"

"Yes, why?"

"You eat so little. A salad for lunch! You Americans have not yet learned how to live," he said, as he filled his son's glass once more and took a deep draught of wine himself. He told me proudly that he was taking his fourth and youngest son to see the incomparable beauties of "*la belle France*," that each year he revealed another part of his beloved country. Last year it had been Normandy; this year the *château* region.

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“ And the rest of the world? ” I asked.

He made no answer, but his look showed that, as a moderately travelled person, I should have known that there was no place outside of France worthy of even a visit.

“ May I ask where you’re going? ” he said courteously. The boy was silent, bravely trying to down the enormous portions his father kept heaping on his plate.

“ Spain. ”

Another commiserating look.

“ And France? But, mademoiselle—— *Tiens, André, regarde—que c’est beau, ce château!* You see there, mademoiselle, a famous *château*, only one of the monuments to the French *esprit*. Look at . . . ”

And he talked on like a Baedeker. The enumeration of the glories of France lasted a couple of hours. The boy had fallen asleep, drugged with good living, and I was becoming drowsy myself. But there was no escape from this ardent patriot. I was forced to listen. Fortunately, he didn’t expect much from me in the way of conversation—only an occasional yes, no, or why. The entrance of a newspaper boy at one of the larger stations finally rescued me.

“ *Ab, les journaux!* ” the gentleman said, smacking his lips, as though that was all that was lacking to his peace and plenty at this moment.

A large picture of La Argentina, the famous dancer, took up most of the front page. No triumph, this; no worshipful pæan—it was the story of her sudden death.

The Frenchman cast a perfunctory glance at the article and turned to the financial page. I sat with the picture

## Hendaye

upon my knee, staring at the mobile, expressive features, caught in a moment of gaiety, and now for ever stilled. The full significance of her death, not only to the world, but to me personally, seeped through me in slow pain. She had held my imagination from the time when I was a child, and had been the criterion of my hopes, a never-ending source of inspiration and a goal to draw my deepest ambitions. So great, so very great she was that no fellow-artist could begrudge her one instant of her glory or wish to covet one word of praise.

She had died in a foreign country, in France, just an hour's ride from her own beloved Spain, the country she had so long and so well served as artist and as the embodiment of its spirit. No minister's portfolio carried as vital a message from Spain as the clicking of her castanets.

A hubbub of voices aroused me from my reverie. The Frenchman had put his newspaper down, and was gathering his son and bags together. We were drawing into a small city and it was already dark. I realized that I had been sitting in gloomy thought for several hours.

*"Au revoir, mademoiselle. Dis au revoir à mademoiselle, André."*

The train had stopped. Every one but four other persons and myself descended. La Nègresse. Only twenty minutes to the Spanish border. A few minutes after the train pulled out a porter entered, an exact replica in uniform of the Frenchman who had just got off. He seemed very excited, and, coming to the middle of the car, cleared his throat. The five of us looked up expectantly, awaiting an announcement of dinner.

"I regret to inform you, messieurs, madame"—he bowed in my direction—"that the Spanish frontier was



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closed half an hour ago. Only Spaniards will be permitted to cross."

There was not a Spaniard in the car. We all reverted to our native tongues and a volley of Portuguese, German, Dutch, and English bombarded him. His dignity ruffled, his formality was still proof against our distress. Murmuring in clear, exact French that "every one must descend at Hendaye," he withdrew to make the same momentous announcement in the next car, completely satisfied with the effect it had made in our one.

Three of us started to speak French together, and the two Portuguese, who knew no language but their own, importuned us to let them know what we were talking about. They looked helpless and hurt, their sad eyes reminding me so much of the great Dane I had left at home that, despite the gravity of the situation, I burst into a fit of giggles, my usual reaction to nervous strain.

None of us knew yet why the frontier was closed. Talk as we might there was nothing we could do. The train was already pulling into Hendaye, the last station in France, and we all stayed on the train in the childish hope that we could manage the two short miles across to Irun without anyone noticing us.

But our stubbornness meant nothing to the porter.

"Every one who is not a Spaniard must get off here. If not, you will be sent back from Irun. There is a revolution in Spain."

Few words, but they struck deep. I looked round to see how the others were taking it. The Dutchman and German breathed a sigh of relief; the two Portuguese were futilely trying to understand their explanations.

## *Hendaye*

"A revolution in Spain? I'm glad it's nothing more serious. A matter of two days—maybe three," said the Dutchman.

But even two days seemed an intolerable time for me to wait on the border—suspended, neither here nor there. Cursing my luck at missing the earlier train and out of



humour with the easy-going mentality of the European in regard to time, I gathered my things. We all got off and stood in a forlorn group surrounded by my bags, which were conspicuously marked "Madrid," the tags leering at me.

We probably would have stayed there indefinitely if the Dutchman had not taken us in hand. He had been in Hendaye before, and recommended that we go to the hotel at Hendaye Beach instead of the one in town, saying that as long as we had to be there we might as well spend the few days as pleasantly as possible.

The town of Hendaye was insignificant and gloomy, though it now took on a sudden and hectic atmosphere because of its proximity to Spain. Only one mile away was Hendaye Beach, an attractive resort dotted with

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charming villas, where most people preferred to take up residence.

We took the now completely crushed Portuguese with us, hoping that some one in the hotel could tell them what it was all about.

It was a large hotel, the best one in the coast towns for the French holiday-makers who could not afford the more sumptuous ones at Saint-Jean-de-Luz or Biarritz, but, despite the summer season, it was practically empty except for the five of us. My room faced Spain. I took it for two days.

Two weeks later I was still waiting. But the hotel was not so empty. A bevy of ambassadors, newspaper corre-

spondents, and refugees filled it to overflowing. The Dutchman had long since gone back to Holland; the German, back to Cologne; and the two Portuguese, I hoped, were safe in Portugal. They had gone back to Bordeaux, to take a boat for Lisbon.

Nothing else was spoken of but Spain. Every one rushed

about with long or excited faces, with the exception of the *bourgeois* French families who had come for their holi-



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days and were determined to enjoy them. Their open sandals, gay shorts, and bathing suits contrasted bizarrely with the formal attire of the rest of us, but every one, including myself, was united in the vast brotherhood of the beret, regardless of age, sex, or station in life.

The number of ambassadors away from Spain surprised me. I had always naïvely assumed that the place of a diplomat, especially in time of trouble, was at his post. They seemed to be doing nothing but sitting around in the lobby all day, surrounded by secretaries, but dictating nothing more than a request for an *apéritif*. The Czech ambassador particularly inspired my awe. He never failed to appear with hat, cane, gloves, and a fresh carnation in his buttonhole.

When questioned by the newspaper correspondents about their remaining at Hendaye they always had some ready excuse, such as not being sure of train communications, or waiting for special cars, proper passes, or further instructions. They insisted they were all anxious to get back to Madrid or to the other cities, but they remained in France. Even most of their official communications to their respective Governments dated Irun were sent from Hendaye, and the few envoys who frankly admitted the Hendaye address gave the excuse that their messages could get home more surely and quickly from France than from Spain.

Interesting as all this would have been at another time, at the moment I was completely annoyed at the whole business. The Spanish revolution had no personal significance to me. All it meant was a delay in my own private plans. My one comfort was the hope that it would be over soon, that it was just a flurry, like the Latin-American

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revolutions. This optimism was strengthened by a wire I had just received from Jaime.

I had telegraphed him constantly, but evidently the messages had not got through. However, the last one I had sent brought an answer: "Be patient, darling; it can't last much longer."

This confirmed what nearly every one in Hendaye believed. Yet there were a few more pessimistic, perhaps more objective persons who did not feel that the situation could be solved so simply in so short a time. They went so far as to prophesy that the uprising might last several months.

Naturally the sympathy of all the Spaniards in Hendaye was with the insurgents, so that their view of the conflict was undoubtedly biased. Their information came from the very leaders of the rebellion, as many of the Spanish families waiting in Hendaye were of the highest political and financial importance. Most of them were ready to go back at a moment's notice, as soon as everything was made safe for their return. The reports they received were assurances that the ultimate victory was only a matter of days.

In fact, the day before a tremendous *fête* had been held in the north, in Pamplona, province of Navarre, celebrating the Rebel triumph over the country. The young Marquis de Linares, a scion of one of the oldest aristocratic families of Spain, who had just come from Pamplona, described the scene to me: church services, street parades, speeches in which the people were told that the next day everything would be over and Franco's and Mola's troops would enter Madrid. A whole year later they still had not entered.

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One man who doubted the brevity of the war and was anxious to get inside at all costs was a Czech whose name I cannot give. He had been in the hotel four days, and his stern, gloomy face had attracted my attention. He spoke to no one and was always making confidential telephone calls to Amsterdam, Prague, Paris, and Vienna. Just what the nature of his business was I did not know, but I felt sure it was political. He even insisted that the hotel porter, who put through the calls, should absent himself from the switchboard to make sure there should be no listening in.

His destination was Santander—the only land route to which was *via* San Sebastian; and this was practically impassable because of the heavy fighting. Within the short space of a week the Government at San Sebastian had changed hands twice, from Loyalist to Rebel to Loyalist. The only way open to him was the sea route. As he spoke no French or Spanish, he suggested that I help him find some boat willing to take him to Santander, or even Bilbao. This was not the first time I was grateful for my parents' insistence that I learn French and Spanish; though, as a child, what bitter tears I wept when my mother left me in a French school at Auteuil, abandoned, as I thought, to the coldness and austerity of the black panelled walls around me!

Knowing how anxious I myself was to get across, he suggested a bargain: that I help us both to get in, and he would help me afterwards.

"Why sit here for ever?" he said. "Come with me. Once we get to Santander I'm sure I can help you. I have a car there, and I don't believe it has yet been requisitioned by the Government. I'll put it at your disposal. As we'll

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be in Loyalist territory I'm sure I can arrange for you to get safely to Madrid."

This was the first time I seriously decided to try to get into Spain outside of the regular channels, although I had often been tempted to do so. From my hotel window Irun seemed so close that I might have touched it with my outstretched arm.

But it was always ominous. Strange that all the time I was there, the sun pouring down heat and light over Hendaye and the vegetation so lush and vivid, over Spain there was always a threatening sky, heavy with massive black clouds and dark in gloom. I had made several half-hearted but unsuccessful attempts to discover a sure means of crossing the border, but they were impracticable, not to say fantastic. They ranged from an offer to conquer the Pyrenees on a donkey to a proposal that I enter as a newspaper correspondent; the latter, however, was tinged with the *macabre* appendix that the last woman this ingenious *entrepreneur* had helped in this manner was captured and never heard from again.

A third suggestion came from a M. Belletoise, manager of the Palace Hotel in Bilbao, a pompous, authoritative young Frenchman who was visiting his friend, the manager of my hotel—that I go to Bilbao. Good enough, but he never offered any concrete idea of how I was to get there. Every morning after formally inquiring after my health and spirits he would walk out by the front steps, puffing a huge cigar, having assured me that by evening he would have a definite plan for us to follow. I wondered where he spent the day, and one day I found out.

I went to the International Bridge to see if I could gather any information from the guards on the French

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side. The bridge joins Hendaye and Irun, a small affair about one-tenth the length of the Brooklyn Bridge. Calling from one side to the other was not infrequent. Standing in solitary splendour, ten yards behind the guards on the bridge, was my friend Belletoise, puffing the inevitable cigar, and sunk in deepest reverie. Evidently the only thing he could do about getting us through that I could not was to get permission to stand ten yards closer to Spain; even his familiarity with the guards after years of crossing this same bridge could afford him no greater privilege. At last I knew what his preparations for our journey consisted of.

However, we made one adventurous attempt to put foot on Spanish soil. This ended in a very hasty retreat. One day Belletoise, two of his friends, and I drove to Veras, a border town hidden behind the Spanish Pyrenees. To reach it we had to drive up a mountain, at the top of which was the first frontier post in this vicinity. Here, perched on the very summit, was a tavern with an overhanging balcony from which we could see the sombre, primitive beauty of the Basque valleys.

The atmosphere was amiable and we were greeted with smiles by the tavern-keeper and the few officials stationed there. As this route was little known and difficult to pass we were the first strangers they had seen for some time. This probably accounted for their friendliness. Bored and glad to have something to do, they allowed us to pass and descend the other side of the mountain to the little town of Veras. Here we met with a different reception. We were rudely and threateningly turned back. Two guards, their hands playing with their pistols, made it clear that we had to get out and get out fast.



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“In whose hands is this territory—Government or Rebels?” said one of the men in our car.

They made no answer—just waved their hands for us to be off, and this time we did not hesitate. In the narrow little street there seemed to be considerable agitation. Edicts were being pasted everywhere on the walls. We called to a young woman with a little girl to see if she could tell us who occupied the town, but under the vigilant eyes of the guards she was evidently afraid to make an answer.

We returned to the tavern, knowing as little as before. Drinking ice-cold cider, we were startled by the sound of a car rushing up the hill. It must have been either known or expected because, before I knew it, every one was standing at the edge of the road with raised fists calling excitedly.

When we finally were able to distinguish the name they were calling we found that it was none other than that of Pio Baroja, whom we all knew as the great Spanish radical writer. He was fleeing from his home near Veras. Now we had no need to ask who was in possession of the town.

The Czech's plan, however, seemed the most feasible. We made the bargain and, ordering the motor-car, set out immediately for Bayonne, one hour away and the nearest port of any importance. We arrived there about six in the evening in grey drizzling rain. Dismissing the chauffeur, we decided to walk all around the harbour and stop at every boat until we found a skipper willing to take us where we wanted to go.

But we had not reckoned with the French mind. No

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amount of money could persuade any of the fishermen, even the humblest, to endanger his own skin. They looked at us as if we were completely mad.

*“Jamais de la vie! Aller en Espagne maintenant? Je conseille que vous n’y pensiez plus.”* (“Never in the world! Go to Spain now? I advise you not to give it any more thought.”)

Discouraged and quite sodden with the rain, we trudged on until we reached a large English coal boat. The crew obligingly told us that their usual route was to Bilbao and Santander. Hopefully, I asked to talk with the captain.

Before he could get a chance to speak I overwhelmed him with the desperate need of my uncle’s (the Czech’s) and my getting into Spain.

“My whole family is there—waiting anxiously for us—especially my little girl, my daughter. Won’t you please, please take us?”

And I went on to tell the whole tragic story, completely invented on the spur of the moment. The poor captain kept trying to put in a word, but in vain. I kept on with my story.

When I finished, with a long-suffering look, he said, “Lady, you might have saved yourself the trouble. I’ve been trying to tell you I just received word we’re not to go to Spain. We sail for England to-night.”

Only one boat in the harbour remained that we had not approached—a war cruiser. What country it belonged to we did not know, but as we did not want to reproach ourselves with missing any opportunities we drew near. Among the other boats it looked massive and formidable. A French sailor standing near us on shore was

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staring at it, so we asked him what country it belonged to.

"I don't know," he said; "but it has just come from Spain with refugees. It's supposed to go back."

Hopes high again, we drew still nearer and called to some of the men working on deck. They answered in German. Before I had a chance to make my request, stereotyped by now, my companion swiftly jerked me away. Evidently he had no desire to be mixed up with anything German. Later he told me of his many surreptitious trips into Germany, always under assumed names, and implied the danger were he recognized on German territory.

Tired and completely discouraged by this time, we returned to Hendaye. I mentioned again a sinister individual whom I had seen several times late at night at a near-by restaurant. He always made a cautious appearance around midnight and engaged in long, mysterious conversations with the proprietress or a group of men sitting darkly in a corner. This strange aura was heightened by the aspect of the man himself—his long, lean body and squint-eyed gaze. It was said that he had ways of helping persons across the border.

The first time I had suggested him as a possible aid my Czech friend had contemptuously brushed him aside. But now, on the way home, he was less optimistic about our other plans, and, turning to me, said that it could do no harm to speak with the man.

"Who is he, anyhow?" he asked.

"I don't know myself, but I know where we can find out."

As it was already eleven o'clock when we reached the

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hotel, and close to the hour when we could expect him, we went to the restaurant where I had seen him so often. But he was not there. After much confidential whispering, many significant glances around, and the pressing of a bill into her palm, the proprietress admitted she knew to whom I was referring and that she would telephone him and ask if he could see us.

When she had called she reported that we could meet him that very night, but that we would have to go to him. He was unable to come because his bicycle was broken, but he would wait for us at the Grand Café de Hendaye.

We could not let this major tragedy change the course of our lives in any way, so we set out for the town of Hendaye, only a mile away, but a hazardous journey to anyone who attempts it on the only means of public conveyance—the trolley that serves as shuttle from Hendaye Beach to Hendaye City.

The course the trolley has to run is perilous in the eyes of the romantic conductor. We sped on through the night at an heroic pace, and although we were the only passengers and he knew where we were going, he called each stop in an important voice with gestures, and did a magnificent job of stopping and starting his vehicle at every crossing. The lights in the car flashed on and off in frightening succession and his whistle chirped to the volcanic grumbling of the rails.

“I felt like this on my first aeroplane ride,” said the Czech, laughing.

The Grand Café de Hendaye, in fact the only *café* in Hendaye, was an unimposing *bistro* with a few bare tables outside, pitiful in the rain. The man with the squint eyes was waiting inside. He introduced himself with great

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formality, handing us his card. It informed us that he was the head of the Waiters' Union. This magnificent organization numbered only one in its membership—namely, our squint-eyed friend.

“Can I help you, monsieur, madame?”

“We understand you might be able to help us across the Spanish border.”

“Ah, yes, of course. I see.”

We put some questions to him which he answered vaguely, although at the mention of money he brightened.

“It will take a great deal, you must understand. I have helped innumerable persons and they have all succeeded. But it will take a little time. I must see the mayor, arrange for certain papers, stamps, documents. That also costs money. And I must neglect no detail.”

But he would not explain just what his method was.

“How long would it take?” I asked.

“A week or two, at least.”

We explained that we were interested not in turning stones, but in getting across as quickly as we could, and left him to his squint eyes and mathematical planning. There was nothing to be done there.

The best plan presented itself from an unexpected source. Eddie Hunter, a New York newspaper-man, slim, studious-looking, was in Hendaye only a couple of days when he got an assignment from his syndicate to cover Barcelona. He had come to interview two American boys who had recently got into trouble in Spain. Bored with dull life at Hendaye they had set out on an adventurous walking trip. Skirting the Spanish line, they could not

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resist crossing. There they were captured and held until the American *attaché* corroborated their plea of innocence.

Knowing my frantic desire to get to Madrid, Eddie suggested that I take a chance on entering with him. As he spoke no Spanish I could interpret for him, and he in turn might help me with his newspaper credentials. We decided to go together. He knew that the only way open to us was *via* Port-Bou, and for that we had to cross France to Perpignan. We would have left immediately, but I was low in funds and waiting for money from America, and since I had expected to go straight to Madrid I had practically no French or American money with me, only a cheque in pesetas drawn on a Spanish bank. We decided to celebrate our partnership with dinner, and chose an attractive little restaurant famous for its excellent cuisine, picturesquely appointed. We went rather early, and as there were no other customers yet the management was busily preparing dinner. Delicious smells drifted from the kitchen, and Eddie and I decided to prepare for a huge feast with a wagon-load of *hors d'œuvres*.

"But we do not serve *hors d'œuvres* now, monsieur, mademoiselle," said the waitress gently. "That we had for lunch. Now it is soup."

"We don't care for any, thank you," said Eddie politely. "Just make up anything—as long as it's *hors d'œuvres*."

"I'm very sorry, monsieur. Now it is soup." She looked very concerned. "Fine *potage de petits pois à la Paysanne*—very good."

"No, thank you," said Eddie. "Please get us just some sardines, bologna, anything in the way of *hors d'œuvres*."

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The little figure departed in great agitation, and a moment later the chef appeared, tall, majestic, waving a wooden soup-ladle in the air.

"I know you will like the soup, monsieur, madame. It is the best in France." He smiled obsequiously, and run-



ning his finger along the dripping spoon, tasted his creation with great satisfaction.

"We don't want any soup," said Eddie angrily. "We want *hors d'œuvres*."

The chef glared at us both in deep disgust and marched back to the kitchen. A rapid discussion between him and the poor girl resounded through the thin walls. It gained in intensity as I heard the waitress shout, "But why lose two customers?" answered by, "I'm the boss of this restaurant—if they do not want soup let them go." A moment later such a violent din ensued that we thought a horde of Tartars had descended on the culinary

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sanctuary. Both the chef and waitress were shrieking in terror, overturning pots and pans, slamming doors, and frightening us both to death. Out ran the chef, horror-stricken and trembling.

“ *Allez-vous-en! Il y a un chien fou dans la cuisine. A mad dog—hurry—hurry—Nom de Dieu!—a mad dog!* ”

I jumped to my feet and grabbed Eddie by the arm, pulling him out with me. The man who had reported international crises in Egypt, China, Japan, and Ethiopia was as anxious as I to get out as quickly as we could.

Obviously that was what the chef had wanted, too, because as we passed by the restaurant a half-hour later it was filled with patrons calmly enjoying their soup, the little waitress hovering about them like a ministering angel, the hoax of the mad dog completely forgotten. Both Eddie and I decided never again to insist upon *hors d'œuvres* when offered soup.

The next morning I said good-bye to my Hendaye friends. Most of them said they would meet me in Madrid in two weeks. Many have already returned to their native lands or are still waiting in Hendaye.

By three o'clock we had said good-bye four times, having missed four trains. My money had not yet come. Finally Eddie offered to give up his first-class ticket for two third-class seats, and we caught the four o'clock train.

The sun was still shining over Hendaye as we pulled out, but Irun lay dark and clouded.



### III

## Barcelona

*Barcelona, archivo de la cortesía, albergó de los extranjeros, hospital de los pobres, patria de los valientes, venganza de los ofendidos, y correspondencia grata de firmes amistades, y en sitio y en belleza única.*

Barcelona!—Guardian of courtesy, inn for the wayfarer, shelter for the poor, home of the valiant, avenger of the offended and gracious patron of firm friendships, in site and beauty unique!

CERVANTES

FOUR o'clock in the morning, weary of sitting on hard wooden benches all night, we arrived in Perpignan. Beautiful as the countryside is, we quite ignored it except for one brief glimpse of the fairyland spectacle of the holy city of Lourdes as we rode by, overflowing with pilgrims, a miracle of fancy, itself a glowing altar in the veiled grey dusk.

With difficulty we found a taxi to transport our ten pieces of luggage to an hotel in Perpignan. The little city was so crowded with the sudden influx of people fleeing from Spain that we had to ask at five places until we could find rooms, and these were small and stuffy.

As we entered the hotel a woman, pale and dark-eyed, rushed down the steps to the lobby dressed in her night clothes.

"Has my husband come yet?" she asked anxiously, her eyes passing over us into the night, as though she expected a third figure to materialize out of the darkness.

"No, madame, not yet," said the porter gently. He

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spoke soothingly to her for a moment, and when she slowly mounted the steps he told us that the poor lady was desperate for the return of her husband from Barcelona. She greeted each new arrival with her sad and eager eyes, always slow to believe that although so many persons came, he was not among them.



Bidding Eddie good night and leaving instructions for a call at eight o'clock, I dropped wearily into bed. But somehow I could not sleep. To-morrow at this time, five in the morning, I would be either in Spain or stranded in this dismal little town without even enough money to cable my whereabouts home.

Some hours later, awakened by the chiming of church bells, the sun bright, and the city alive with Sunday crowds, I felt more cheerful, confident that I should be able to overcome whatever obstacles presented themselves. After breakfast Eddie suggested that we visit the Spanish consul to see if he could help us. Perhaps he could provide us with a special *visa* or a letter substantiating Eddie's credentials and my standing as his interpreter.

We found the consul and his charming American wife playing with their little daughter in the garden. He was

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more than kind and sincerely apologetic at his inability to do anything for us. He explained that since the outbreak of the insurrection Catalonia had been under a specially improvised Government and that his word held no authority. If we insisted, however, he would write a note identifying us and approving our admission.

As we thanked him and took our leave he said rather timidly to me, "If you do manage to get to Barcelona, would it be too much trouble for you to look up my father and sister? Tell them that I beg them to leave immediately and come here. You see, my father is eighty years old. You might say to him that I feel that this is one revolution at which he should not assist."

I assured him that I should be only too happy to do as he asked. When he gave me his father's address it had a familiar ring. Looking in my address book later I discovered the reason. The coincidence seemed almost too fantastic—his father lived in the same house as Jaime's parents!

Back at the hotel Eddie suggested that I do something about the luggage situation. After all we did not know just how we were going to get to Barcelona. We might even have to walk part of the way, and we certainly could not walk very far encumbered with some dozen bags. I went to check most of them, retaining only an overnight case and a hat-box. When I returned I found Eddie deep in conversation with a nice-looking young man who was introduced to me as the correspondent of a London newspaper; which one, I no longer remember.

The Englishman explained that he had arrived from Barcelona yesterday to telephone his story to London and that he expected to go back that very afternoon. Evidently

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he had convinced Eddie of the difficulties of getting in, especially burdened with a woman. Both men looked at me as though they wished I were anywhere in the wide world but at Perpignan, and simultaneously began to assure me that I should not possibly be able to get across, that if I would only stay quietly where I was Eddie would wire my parents so that they could send for me.

But I was not to be got rid of so easily at the eleventh hour. Spain lay too close.

Accepting me as a kind of fifth wheel, they took me into a car which the Englishman had hired, and set out for Cerbère, the French frontier, which was as far as our driver could take us. The hour's drive, one of the most beautiful I had ever taken, often reminded me of the scenery of California's coastline.

The road winds around the rocky, dry mountains, always following the tortuous sea-coast and descending every few miles to some lively little fishing village nestling in the curve of the bay. The colours here are so vivid that they are dazzling. The ocean, like a mirror, reflects the cobalt blue of the cloudless sky, and the white of the houses blending with the red, richly exposed earth in so profuse a beauty only hurt me in its sharp contrast with my depression. To heighten my gloom came the incessant assurances of Eddie and his friend that if I could not pass they would be forced to leave me, no matter where it was.

I rode in silence until we reached the top of a fairly steep mountain.

"This is where you must get out," our chauffeur cheerfully told us, stopping the car.

"Get out here?" I asked, aghast.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"Yes, mademoiselle. Only a few yards away is Spanish soil and I am not permitted to cross. You have only a half-hour's walk down the other side of this mountain and you will be in Port-Bou. That is, if they allow you to descend."

Two men were walking towards us, frontier guards who carried long rifles slung over their shoulders. They ordered us back in such a manner that although they spoke in Spanish my two companions had no difficulty in understanding what they meant. Nobody was permitted to go down the mountain. I insisted, however, on seeing the Comité at Port-Bou before accepting an ultimate refusal to enter Spain. The guards hesitated.

"We might telephone down and ask for permission," they said doubtfully.

One withdrew to the little hut that served as guard-house, returning a moment later annoyed and embarrassed.

"The telephone is not working. We can't let you pass."

"But we must," I said. "We must see the Comité. I'm sure they'll let us through when I explain who these gentlemen are. If they say no we'll come back."

After a few minutes' discussion between themselves they decided to shift the responsibility to higher authorities, and permitted us to go on down the mountain, accompanying us to a hut a third of the way, and there putting us in the hands of two other guards. These, having no decisions to make, were more cheerful. So, though the descent was arduous and for my part uncomfortable (I wore high heels), we were in better humour when we reached the third hut.

Here a group of more serious escorts took us in charge.

## *Barcelona*

No pleasantries with them. Although scrupulously polite, no one smiled. For the first time I wondered just how important my private problems were, how urgent my reasons for wanting to get into Spain.

They asked me to step into the next room. I was followed immediately by a young woman who began to search me in unbroken silence, as though I were an inanimate being.

No part of my clothing or my body was overlooked; she even ran her fingers through my hair and inside the lining of my shoes.

After our baggage was given the same minute inspection we were told we might proceed. At last we were to face the Comité itself. Perspiration dripping down my face, we started the last lap of the steep descent. The one consoling thought I could muster was that it was a Spanish sun pouring its brilliant rays down on me.

The long climb over, we entered Port-Bou and wound our way through the narrow, unpaved streets to a small, official building with a little balcony and two prominently displayed flags, one Catalan, the other red. We were escorted up the old staircase to the second floor. Here we had to wait in a small anteroom darkly blinded against the sun.

A tall, slim man entered. He was abnormally pale, his grey eyes large and luminous, framed in heavy brows. We were informed that he was the head of the Comité. He told us he was inordinately annoyed at the guards for permitting us to pass, and that, sorry as he was, we must return at once.

"These gentlemen are journalists," I protested, "and I am their interpreter."

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"Nevertheless, I must ask you to leave."

"But your Government needs them. Every paper I read in France was filled with reports of Rebel activities; the outside world knows much better just what Franco and Mola are doing than what the Government is. You need people who sympathize, who will discredit the Rebel propaganda."

Watching this man as I spoke, I was struck by the expression on his face—something I cannot put into words.

Although his direct look never left me, I felt that he did not really see me, or that perhaps he saw me too well. He gave me his full attention, but his mind and gaze went past me into a future which I as yet was not able to visualize or comprehend.

I felt that there was something I must not miss, something very important which distinguished the few persons I had met in the last hour from any others I had ever known. It was useless to lie to this man who, it flashed through my mind, was marked surely for death—and who himself knew it, wanted it.

"You see, the Rebels invite all newspaper correspondents," I continued. "Mr Hunter represents one of the largest syndicates in America. Through him you will reach millions of people. It is your duty to let them know what you are doing. They don't even know what you're fighting for."

He looked at me for a few seconds.

"What identification have you?"

Eddie exhibited all his documents. They did not seem to satisfy him.

"This does not seem to me sufficient."

## Barcelona

"You can easily prove his identity by telephoning his head office in Madrid," I said.

For the first time a smile came over his sad face.

"We don't telephone that distance as readily as you in America."

Nevertheless, my words had an effect. After asking about the other young man, who, I explained, had already been in Barcelona and had a note from the authorities allowing him to re-enter, he collected our papers and passports, excused himself, and entered the adjoining room. I caught a glimpse of a long table with a number of men seated at it, heavy red hangings on the wall. A quarter of an hour later he returned.

Addressing the Englishman, he said, "You may leave immediately; there is a train at five this afternoon."

Then, to us: "You will be allowed to go as far as Barcelona under military escort. There you will be taken to the Secretariat; you must abide by their decision. If they do not permit you to remain you will return with the same escort and leave Catalonia immediately. You will receive your passports on the train; it leaves at four o'clock, dawn."

As we left the room I turned to look at him once more. I had not imagined the expression which had so forcibly impressed me; I was to see it on many other faces in the months that followed.

Some minutes later Eddie and I were seated at a little table of a small *café*, set on the shore of the little bay. Instead of the fatigue I should have felt I was relaxed and happy, exhilarated beyond reason, despite the fact that I would have to go through the same ordeal at Barcelona.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

What a wonderful sensation, sipping my first drink in Spain! The sun drenched the sails of the fishing-boats moored close by in dull crimson; the shady trees which bordered the esplanade swayed in the soft breeze, and the hushed murmur of conversation all around us never ceased under the steady stream of vivacious Spanish music that poured down from a loudspeaker.

This, then, was Jaime's country, and these his people. I felt gay and excited, having forgotten for a moment the seriousness of the events taking place. We ordered another drink and picked up a newspaper lying on the table. Glancing through the inside, I noticed an unusual title over a very short article on the fifth page.

"I wonder what this is about," I said to Eddie, translating as I read. "Listen:

### "THE OPENING OF A DOOR

"Yesterday a group of our men, armed only with a few guns and stones, tried to retrieve a village near Madrid from the Rebels. They could not enter because the traitors were barricaded in a house filled with machine-guns, and the first spurt of fire mowed down the brave, fearless men in the front line.

"But they would not be defeated. Drawing his brothers aside, one nameless comrade said:

"*'Camaradas, wait until dark. Then I will sneak up to the door and knock. When they open the door shoot at them, shoot fast, through me, around me, but only rush in and seize their guns.'*

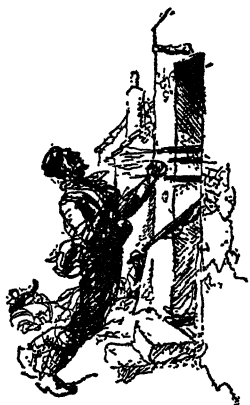
"The village was taken. *Viva la Republica!*"

We sat in silence for a little while. I was suddenly drained of all my exuberance; Eddie felt rather low too.

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"Let's go over to the hotel for dinner before we lose our appetites," he said brusquely.

At three-thirty the next morning, sleepy and very cold, we climbed the long, formidable staircase that leads up to the railway station of Port-Bou. From the top we could see the city below us like a valley, enclosed by mountains blacker even than the night, and silent except for the lapping of the waves on the shore.



Not a soul in sight. Only a murky light in the deserted buffet, and there the sullen proprietor, disgruntled at the crazy rearrangement of train schedules the revolution had occasioned. He begrudgingly set before us two cups of last night's coffee and some stale rolls, which we left untouched.

Outside on the platform we now saw dim shapes moving around. There was not a light either in the station or on the train. So nebulous was the atmosphere that we did not observe the approach of two young men and were startled when we heard them addressing us. They ascertained our identity and said they were our escorts to Barcelona. After giving us our papers they asked to see our tickets. Somewhat confused to find that we had first-class seats (we had taken them against the advice of our pocket-books, feeling it only suitable that the representatives of so important a newspaper syndicate should travel in the best style) they hesitated. It seemed that there were two others they had to escort to the Secretariat—Swiss correspondents of a workers' paper—and they had

## *Dancer in Madrid*

third-class tickets. They could not sit with both and chose to ride with the correspondents, deciding, as I thought, to trust us to ourselves for the four-hour ride.

I saw no one enter the other first-class compartments, but just as we started a man got into our own. He was about forty years old, of medium height and build. His black hair was streaked with grey and his large eyes with their direct gaze gave the impression of dependability. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit, with a white shirt open at the throat.

Eddie and I were on one side and he sat down opposite, scanning us for a moment and then looking out of the window. We felt right away that he had been sent to watch us; there were so many other compartments he might have occupied. From time to time, through his reflection in the glass, I caught his eye on us.

Eddie fell asleep almost immediately, but I sat thinking about the man and watching the vineyards and little farms that we passed, the lights just going on in some as the women prepared to wake and prepare their men for the day's work. At six I woke Eddie and we went to the dining-car for breakfast. Our companion followed straightway and took a seat at the table facing us. When we finished our meal I noticed that even though he had not yet drunk his coffee, he rose without paying his bill and came right after us.

We had three cars to go through, and at the end of the second he almost fell over me as I stopped to enter the ladies' room. Though it was embarrassing, we could not help laughing over this little incident, and when I returned to our compartment the ice was broken. He was even lighting a cigarette for Eddie and offered me one.

## *Barcelona*

"Permit me," he said, leaning forward.

"Thank you," I said, smiling. His voice was pleasant and cultured and his whole manner that of a man of good breeding, not that of the popularized detective.

The next hour went swiftly. He proved to be a most interesting companion, and it was with some regret that I noticed the train was pulling into Barcelona.

The grey atmosphere in the station gave me a severe shock. Loaded freight trains were rolling out, and the platforms were crowded with soldiers and civilians, most of them carrying guns and all intensely serious.

Our companion left us, wishing me luck and a pleasant journey to Madrid. But as soon as we alighted our escorts joined us. With them were the Swiss correspondents.

This time I could at least see our guards. They were both young and, like every one else I saw, dressed informally without neckties and with open sandals. One was very fair and blue-eyed; the other, dark, too thin, with piercing black eyes. They took the four of us to an imposing-looking building only a block away from the station, where we took our places in a line so long that it reached half a block down the street.

After three hours we had moved up only a few feet. Eddie was shifting restlessly from foot to foot while I was busy talking to our two guards. They were very friendly and besieged me with questions about America, finding it difficult to understand that every American does not have a burning interest in politics or feel obligated to take a definite stand.

I asked the darker one when he intended to return to Port-Bou. He answered that the moment our fate was decided he would take the first train.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"Wouldn't you rather stay a few days in a large city like this now that you're here?"

He smiled.

"I've only been married two months. My wife is in Port-Bou."

"Is she Spanish?"

"Oh, no, señorita. I would rather marry a woman of any other nationality, but no Spaniard."

"Well, what nationality is she?"

"Catalonian."

I thought it rather odd, but suddenly remembered that Jaime had always spoken like this too, never allowing anyone to call him Spanish, but always insisting that he was Catalan. Later I discovered the basic fallacy of their reasoning. Deep down it was Spain that mattered. The first to come to the aid of Madrid in its hour of great need was Catalonia. All estrangement was soon forgotten by both peoples. With what open hearts, eagerness, and gratefulness the "Catalan brothers" were welcomed! There were daily broadcasts from Madrid to Barcelona; and on the Ramblas, the main street of the latter city, thousands of Catalans clustered around the loudspeakers to hear the latest reports from the Madrid fronts.

After another hour our escorts were impatient and went inside to see what was holding us up. They returned to inform us that we were in the wrong line before the wrong building.

We were taken to another one just around the corner which housed the Govern de la Generalitat de Catalunya, headquarters for the Central Government of Catalonia. Here without any delay we were ushered into a room on the second floor; a long desk cut it in two, like a telegraph

## Barcelona

office at home, and a large banner lettered *Comité Milicie Antifeixistes* (Anti-Fascist Military Committee) hung on the wall. Here all was noise and confusion. Hardly listening to the explanations of the guards and casting only a cursory glance at our papers, the clerk dismissed us with a "Take them back."

But the four hours' waiting on the street had not improved my temper. To the surprise of every one in the room I yelled, "You must let us see the Secretariat. Those are orders from the Comité at Port-Bou."

The door to the Secretariat opened. We walked in.

It was a small room panelled in dark green silk; a Directoire sofa with a low table in front of it, several upholstered chairs, and a regular office desk comprised its furnishings. Behind the desk a slim, fair-haired man rose from his chair to greet us. He wore no coat, and strapped around his waist was a holster. Shaking hands with our two guards, he listened carefully as they accounted for our presence. Having been told that I was the only one who spoke Spanish, he addressed himself to me. I went through the same explanations as at Port-Bou, only this time I pleaded for the two Swiss correspondents as well as for Eddie and myself. They had appealed to me in German to interpret for them.

The man who received us took our passports and told us that for final approbation he must have the signature of the Secretariat de la Prensa (Secretary of the Press), who was expected at any moment. We sat down and began what proved to be another three hours' wait.

But this time I did not mind; there was so much of interest to pass the time. Moreover, our guards had been

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dismissed, and this indicated that we could remain. Both young men bade me a pleasant good-bye, giving me their cards and asking me to look them up if I ever passed through Port-Bou again.

An endless stream of persons came and went. It did not matter whether it were some high official or an un-influential private citizen; all were treated with the same courtesy that had characterized our own reception. For a long time I watched the proprietor of a garage justify the few unrequisioned cars that remained in his possession. Evidently he had a lot of explaining to do. A fat middle-aged woman seemed to be having a lot of trouble too. From what I could gather from her pantomime, understanding only a few words of the Catalan dialect in which she spoke (I suppose any Catalan would be mortally offended at my calling it a dialect), her husband had been killed in battle and she was trying to collect her pension. When she burst into tears it was obvious that her grief was greater at the amount of her compensation than at her bereavement.

The man in charge was most upset by the delay and kept saying that he hoped I was not over-hungry. Wondering if I had a half-starved look on my face, I asked him why he harped upon this.

"It is already two o'clock, far past the usual hour when you Americans lunch, is it not?"

I told him it was not food but my bags that worried me. I had left them outside the building. Immediately he escorted me downstairs, collected Eddie's and mine and the rucksacks of the Swiss, and set four of the innumerable soldiers thronging the lobby to watch over them.

Upon our return to the office I noticed another man

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seated by the window. My companion greeted him with marked respect and affection, and as he stood up to return the greeting I saw that he limped. It was apparent that he had been recently wounded.

You might find his dark face, the skin stretched so tight that you could trace the whole bone structure, on an El Greco canvas. Sharp, bitter lines were etched around the mouth. It was a cruel face, strong, typically Spanish. Most arresting were the eyes—black, but with so piercing a regard that I tried to avoid it. He sat in silence, his head thrown back, resting against the high window-sill. A ray of sun fell on his face, setting off in greater relief its sombreness. He never opened his eyes widely, but narrowed them so that his thick lashes almost completely veiled them. Through some peculiar reflection a gleam of cold light emanated from under the sceptical brows. Though apparently not at all interested in the discussions taking place, every once in a while, not even bothering to turn his head, he would interject in a monotone a few words or suggestions that were accepted at once.

I would have liked to speak with him, to see what he was like, but he was too inaccessible. He never addressed a word to me, only looked at me with his aloof, slightly contemptuous gaze. I laughed and even joked with the others, including the chief official, but he never smiled or joined in. Not until several months later did I find out who he was, when I saw his picture in the paper. He was the Minister of Culture for Catalonia and for many years one of the most militant Catalan nationalists. His coming to the aid of the rest of Spain was considered one of the most important victories scored by those who wanted a real united front Government.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

Finally the door was thrown open and our long-awaited Nemesis entered. He was the first plump man I had seen in Spain. No American could have dispatched his business more quickly. Having keyed myself up for the final offensive, I felt it quite an anticlimax when he said we could stay and that he would have our safe-conducts made ready immediately.

A moment later, reading my safe-conduct, I was staggered to learn that I was now an accredited war correspondent. It ran:

The Central Committee of the Anti-Fascist Militia of Catalonia authorizes the North American newspaper correspondent Janet Riesenfeld to pass freely to the ends of all fronts.

"But I am not a newspaper correspondent," I said; "I am merely interpreting for these gentlemen."

Maybe they had greater preoccupations or were anxious to get to lunch. They waved my protest aside, saying that it was not too late for me to begin, and suggesting that I go to Saragossa and cover the Women's Battalion. Fearing another series of delays at this point, I quickly answered that I preferred reporting the action on the Guadarrama fronts near Madrid. They smiled and dismissed the matter, only requesting that I stay by until the Swiss correspondents had been attended to.

The next afternoon I was on my way to the home of Jaime's parents. As I was leaving that evening for Madrid I wanted to find out if there was any message I could take to him, the postal and telegraph communications being uncertain. Eddie was already busy discovering some way of getting his stories out without having to leave the country with each one. Having translated all the mani-

## *Barcelona*

festos in the streets and uncovered a Spanish variety of slot-machine where at least we could get a ham sandwich, I felt my duties were at an end. (I hope Eddie felt the same way when I thanked him for all his help and his final kindness—which he could ill afford—the money for a third-class fare to Madrid.)

I want to say here that Eddie was not the only foreign correspondent I met who did not speak Spanish. The



majority of them—and I met them later—were equally handicapped. Most of them, therefore, depended upon the official handouts, which were biased in favour of the side the writer happened to be reporting. Few had the courage to go out and corroborate them. Even those who did could only bring back statistical data or isolated reports of the horrors or unprecedented heroism which marked this revolution. They did not provide the intelligent reader with the facts that he wanted to know—the underlying forces of the revolt, the reaction of the people themselves, the aim in them that made them give up their homes, their families, their personal ambitions, when at the beginning those same persons hardly felt that they could hope for victory.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

When you read that the Government was radical, red, you did not read that it was a coalition of all the democratic parties, some radical it is true, others more conservative, but all of them with one purpose—to eradicate the Fascist terror. The Left Republicans, who had sacrificed their share of martyrs in the 1934 revolution against Robles and Zamora; the F.A.I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation), whose slogan was “Learn to kill without hate”; the trade unions (U.G.T. and C.N.T.), the Socialist Party, the Republican Union—all these and many more joined hands in a common purpose and became a united front.

You did not read that the average man who took up his gun to fight not only was not a radical but probably did not even know what the word meant. But he did know that the people did not want any *régime*, no matter what it was called, that catapulted him back into the misery and oppression that had been his lot in Spain until a few short years ago. To put it briefly, they wanted a liberal Government, whatever the form. If their demands seem radical they are only so in comparison with their former submission.

My stay in Barcelona was brief but impressive. The atmosphere I had noticed in the station was resting upon the entire city. Although three weeks had passed since the actual fighting had taken place, a heavy, menacing mood hung over the community. The streets were still barricaded; bombarded buildings lay in ruins, the *débris* not cleared away, no restoration begun. There was no night life; theatres and motion-picture houses were closed, and the *cafés* shut their doors at eleven o'clock, the time when they had usually opened up.

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The *ramblas*, whose benches had always been filled with men watching the gay throngs as they passed and calling compliments to the women who caught their eyes, were now quite deserted. Those few persons who continued to dot the long avenues were talking seriously and were not to be distracted by any pretty woman. Far different was the Madrileño, the man of Madrid, as I saw him a little later; no less concerned about the issues involved and the gravity of the war, he still found time, even when five-hundred-pound bombs were falling, to fling an admiring word to a pair of dark eyes or a flashing smile.

This was my first contact with a city under martial law. Abnormal tenseness everywhere. Not a private car, taxi, or bus. Everything in Barcelona was requisitioned. Luxurious Packards and Cadillacs went by, all of them chalked with large initials or bearing the flags of political organizations. Thousands of militia, fresh recruits and civilians, armed with pistols, rifles, paraded the streets. All the hotels had become political headquarters or hospitals.

Walking through the quiet streets of the wealthy residential district, I began to wonder just what my reception would be like. Jaime had always shied away from talking about his parents, and I did not even know whether he had ever told them of our plans. Ardently Catholic, intensely nationalistic, they certainly would protest, I felt, against his marrying anyone but a Catalan. From what Jaime had told me of his sister's life, secluded, under the constant supervision of a duenna, I feared that they would disapprove not only my divorce, but the fact that I was travelling alone.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Even the house of his parents was cold and forbidding. It was so dark in the little hall that I could not find their name and went up first to call on the father of the consul in Perpignan. He was a charming old gentleman, white-haired and mild-looking. But when he spoke I recognized the veteran of many wars. His voice was deep and sure, and when he asked me to sit down it sounded as though he were giving an army order. Still, there was a twinkle in his eye and he became very cordial, almost merry, when he heard I came from his son.

"I wager he asked you to tell me that this is one revolution at which I should not assist." He chuckled and called his daughter, a pale, delicate woman of about forty.

"Maria, this young lady has just come with a message from Carlitos."

Maria fetched us some wine and little cakes and pressed me to stay, but I could not. I asked them to tell me where the Castanys family lived. On the floor below.

Waiting for an answer to my timid ring, I felt that perhaps I should not have come. A lean young man, not very tall and rather commonplace, opened the door; I assumed he was Jaime's youngest brother. Hoping that my name would mean something to him, I introduced myself.

He looked surprised when he heard it and became colder than ever.

As he said nothing I continued lamely, "I expect to see Jaime to-morrow in Madrid and wonder if there is any message I can take him from your mother."

He excused himself a moment, leaving me standing in the doorway, and I heard the sound of women's voices speaking with him.

## Barcelona

"No, thank you," he said on his return, and stood there silently, waiting for me to leave. Furious, I turned away, walking down the dim staircase with a cold anger.

The next twenty-four hours I spent cramped in a crowded third-class compartment, only stretching when I changed trains at Valencia and sent a wire to Jaime. The usual ten-hour route by way of Saragossa was impassable, so we had to make the long *détour*.

Jammed to overflowing, the train was bearing recruits to the various fronts. My own companions represented five different provinces. An Andalusian, a Galician, an Asturian, an Aragonese, and a Castilian. Each tried to outdo the other in glorifying the wonders of his native region, and they all sang their respective traditional songs. They were a merry group; only I was sad, wondering which of these voices would first be stilled. Finally every one was quiet, drowsy, and the Andalusian softly began to chant a mournful melody. It was a *soleares*, which means solitude. Lulled by the melancholy refrain, I fell asleep, waking to find that one soldier's heavy coat had been thrown over me and another's shoulder was supporting my head.

It was five o'clock in the morning and the sun was already streaming through the window. My friends must have been waiting anxiously for me to wake, because as soon as they saw my eyes open they jumped up and started to pull down their provisions from overhead. Bread, wine, fruit, and cold omelette soaked in oil. It amused me to watch them prepare my portion in what they thought was a dainty manner, cutting my bread into chunks four inches thick instead of tearing it into pieces

## *Dancer in Madrid*

twice as wide. They were all hilarious over the food and drink, particularly at my inability to bite the bread. The fact that the little bunch of flowers on my hat snapped on and off was the excuse for a long discussion on the inventiveness of the American. This led to a problem that had worried them for a long time—the ingenious way in which so much milk was supplied to the millions of people in New York. They insisted that the milk must be a synthetic product.

When I upheld the strictly natural method of obtaining it they asked, "Then where do you keep all the cows?"

This I could not answer, because I did not know myself. Frankly, the delivery method had always puzzled me, so I was forced to hedge.

"But at least our milk is pasteurized," I said.

They dismissed this disdainfully, saying that pasteurization took out all the healthful elements and could only be harmful. They forgot that in their own country, as in the rest of Europe, they never drink any milk without boiling it first.

We were talking so much that we did not notice that the train had stopped. The door opened and a large man entered. We resented having to make room for him, but soon felt sympathetic for his obvious distress. He kept lighting innumerable cigarettes and staring at the floor in rapt thought. In about half an hour he had finished all the cigarettes in his case, and when he searched for another I offered him one of mine.

He was on his way to a small village near Valencia to see if he could salvage some of his property. The night before he had received a telegram saying that his home

## Barcelona

had been partially burned during a fight that had raged around it. A refugee from Nazi Germany, he had come to Spain two years ago. When he saw that he could make a decent livelihood here he sent for his *fiancée* in Germany. They had been happily married one year and were spending the summer at the lakeside resort at which he boarded the train; now the revolution had overtaken them. To his despair he saw that he might have to go through the same tribulations he had so recently fled from. Further came the premature arrival of a child. This was the cause of his present agitation. He had just come from the harrowing experience of attending his wife in the capacity of physician. All the doctors had left to care for the wounded, and caught unaware in the late night he was unable to find any assistance at all. His distraction was augmented by the necessity of leaving her so soon to save as much as he could of their dwindling resources.

With regret I parted from my friends and continued the journey from Valencia to Madrid without speaking to anyone. It was evening when the train pulled into the Medio Dia station and I looked about for Jaime. The crowds, darkness, and my nearsightedness made it so difficult that I was beginning to feel bewildered, when I heard the familiar voice.

“Janet!”

I was in Madrid.



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IV

*Madrid*

*De musico, poeta y loco*

*Todo tenemos un poco.*

Of music, poetry, and madness

We all have a little.

FOLKLORE

THREE days later I felt I had never lived anywhere else. I already had found an apartment, seen Jaime every minute he was not working, and encountered a growing circle of friends, ranging from colourful and amusing gipsies to the aristocratic business associates of Jaime. I must say I preferred the gipsies.

The first day I registered at the Embassy and received a white arm-band with the American flag, a number, and the Embassy seal stamped on it, always to be worn in the street. Immediately afterwards I went over to ask the head of Eddie's newspaper syndicate, Tomas Loyza, to identify me as the correspondent my pass said I was, in order to avoid any unpleasant complications that might arise. He agreed to do so, and I asked him for a few pointers, a few tricks of the trade, in case anyone asked me something I should know.

I remembered my embarrassment in Barcelona when an obliging English newspaper-woman, anxious to help me get my supposed copy out, volunteered to introduce me to all the necessary people, telegraph operators and the rest. She kept asking me technical questions about how often I had to write in, what I did about expense accounts,

## Madrid

just what my particular assignments were, and where I went to get my stuff translated and censored. At last I escaped, muttering something about doing feature articles whenever and wherever I wished, and left her looking not a little surprised at the leniency of my editor.

Mr Loyza's offices were in the Press Building, which also housed a great many of the Spanish publications. He suggested that for the first few weeks, anyhow, I



report frequently to offset suspicion, explaining that because of the extensive spy system any dissimulation was dangerous.

Important as all this sounded in the newspaper office, I forgot it a few minutes later in open-mouthed admiration of the Albaicin family. Miguel had asked me to come for lunch, and his brothers and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts had all gathered to pass judgment on Miguel's *Americanita*, who was going to try to dance *flamenco*. But when I got to know them better I realized that it had been the prospect of a free meal that had enticed them. Before it was over I found myself in the midst of a real gipsy *juerga* (spree).

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Out of the indescribable confusion of Miguel's guitar-playing, his brother's demonstration of his superior passes in bull-fighting—unique, he modestly explained, because of the length of his arms—two of his younger cousins' loud and rapid dancing in another corner, their heel-work bringing an equally loud protest of broom-knocking from the floor below, and noisier than all, Miguel's mother's incessant shrieking, I finally managed to identify every one.



First there was Augustina, Miguel's mother, affectionately known in all Madrid as Augustina La Gitana. You are likely to find her face arrogantly looking down at you in almost any place in Spain, from the private office of the president of the Banco Central in the capital to the gipsy caves in Granada. You can even find it in Hollywood; a picture of her playing with a blood-red ring on her finger hangs in a private home.

In her youth she had been the model for practically all the art students. Perhaps the one who painted her most was the famous Zuloaga, who acted as godfather to her first-born son, Miguel. For Manuel Benedito she was also the favourite. He tells the story that when she used to come to pose her husband would always accompany her, prepared with a knife to correct any signs of familiarity on the artist's part; the latter says he felt his life in constant danger as he painted, but used her as a model again and again, her proud carriage and brilliant eyes expressing so well the spirit he was seeking to portray.

She is still a remarkably handsome woman. Although Miguel has induced her to discard the gaily figured skirt

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and blouse for smart Paris clothes, nothing can make her abandon the traditional shawl or change her headdress. Her thick wavy hair is caught low at the back in a simple knot, and bright gipsy combs stud its luxuriant blackness. Walking down the street, hatless, with a truly regal stride, her dark eyes demanding admiration and the very flutter of the inevitable fan an invitation to flirtation, she is a familiar and beloved figure. There are few men who do not respond with a hearty "*Ole—y viva tu gracia gitana!*" ("Hail, and long live your gipsy grace!")

She had me as completely enchanted as her own sons, who kept asking me all through the afternoon, "Isn't Mamma beautiful?"



Miguel was a son worthy of his mother. He was the idealized gipsy. I can give you no better description than this, that when he dances he is like a panther waiting to spring, and he has the graceful attitude of the dancer at all times. He is slim and lithe; his skin that glowing bronze you find only among his kind. Long thick lashes shade the sparkling eyes, and it is said that the flash of his smile can be seen a block away.

Poor Miguel felt that his life was a great tragedy. Hailed as one of the greatest gipsy dancers, he felt constrained to do Spanish dancing, but his real love was tap dancing. He had made an excursion into this field under the name of Michael Brown, a pseudonym which fooled no one. Frustrated in this direction, he tried to be a bull-fighter, the arena being his second love, but he could never quite bring himself to look the bull in the eye. This

## *Dancer in Madrid*

fearlessness was allotted to Rafael, his younger brother, the *torero* of the family. He was to make his first appearance in a professional bull-ring last summer. Much taller than Miguel, and at the loose-limbed, awkward age when it was difficult to know whether he would turn out to be handsomer than his brother or just an ordinary gipsy, he had a shock of wiry hair which literally stood up like the quills on a porcupine. His features, less perfect than Miguel's, had more character. Both boys were exceptionally devoted to each other, and I seldom saw one without the other. Rafael worshipped his brother for the great dancer that he was, and Miguel returned the adoration, regarding his gifts as contemptible compared with the courage and grace that would one day make Rafael a great bull-fighter.



Though he spoke little, the one I heard most was Luis, the stepfather, whose sonorous soup-eating drowned even the raucous voice of Augustina. Apart from the fact that he felt himself an authority on every subject, and when he did speak signified that he was personally directing the whole military campaign, his main distinction was what he considered his unparalleled singing of the *jota*, the native song of Aragon. With every course he gave us a different variation, and the only one who did not join in the tumultuous applause which greeted each stanza was a very untidy-looking, plump woman, obviously not a gipsy. She was introduced to me as Rosario, but I had not had a chance to make her acquaintance because she was so busy running back and forth to the kitchen for food. Of

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Rosario you shall hear more later because, as it happened, the next day she was already living in my home and was to be my constant companion for the next four months.

Who else was there? El Pelao—aptly named “the Skinned One,” for he was continually broke. A brother of Augustina’s, he had come with his two young sons, little devils whose restless feet never stopped clicking out intricate rhythms. Last of all, Augustina’s sister, who let me say with no lack of sympathy, I thanked God was mute.

“Miguel, play us something,” shouted Augustina; and turning to me, “Did you ever see anyone so handsome in your life? But of course Rafael’s nose——”

This brought a shout of protest from Luis.

“What do you mean, Rafael’s nose? What’s the matter with Miguel’s?”

A heated argument ensued between the two. Both boys were forced to stand in profile, front face, three-quarters, while every one breathlessly awaited the momentous decision.

Rosario had lost patience by this time, and knowing her Augustina, put in, “What are you arguing about? Of course Miguel’s is better. It’s just like yours, Augustina.”

Augustina smiled coyly and the matter was closed.

By five o’clock lunch was over. The horde of relatives departed and I began to talk about finding an apartment. Augustina suggested a sumptuous ten-room affair she had heard of, hoping that with my American tastes and money I would not find it too simple, but Miguel was more practical.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

“Mamma, you don’t know about these things. You’d better go in the kitchen,” he said.

I showed him an advertisement I had clipped from the morning paper, and when he said that the place was only six blocks away I suggested that we go over immediately. Though this was more than the Spanish soul could bear—doing something the minute you thought of it—he resigned himself and came along.

The apartment consisted of three small rooms, kitchen and bath on the ground floor of a five-story grey stone house, one of a row of similar houses in a quiet residential district. The price was equivalent to six pounds a month, and although the apartment had certain drawbacks, I took it. Later these turned out to be advantages. Situated in an inner court, it was always dark and I had to use electric light all day. But I never had to worry about stray bullets entering my windows. Nor did I, through the subsequent bombing of the city, indiscriminate and ubiquitous, have to rush out in the middle of the night to take refuge in a cave or cellar.

Perhaps the apartment would not have been too small for one, but we were three. I had asked Rosario and her husband, Salvador, to live with me. As soon as we found the place I wanted to take advantage of Miguel’s energetic mood and get everything done at once. One look at the rooms convinced me that I would need help in the housework. This modern Madrid residence had, as every other, a coal stove, no ice-box, no heating apparatus. Shopping presented another difficulty. There was seldom a fixed price for anything. Bargaining is an essential, the most exciting part of the Spanish housewife’s existence. Hours are spent pleasantly and inexpensively every day

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haggling over the price and quality of the most humble string of garlic.

Miguel felt that this was out of his province, that Mamma could decide much more wisely. We went back. On the way I asked him who this Rosario was, and he told me that she was a Frenchwoman, married to a Spaniard, who had been an intimate friend of his sister in Paris and had known him when he was a child at school there. His family had accepted the hospitality of Rosario's aunt and uncle when they were in Paris, and now that Rosario was in Madrid and down on her luck they had offered her and her husband a temporary home.

Augustina was willing to help us, enthusiastic over offers ranging from her mute sister to a third cousin. Fortunately the sister declined before I could refuse her, but she obligingly drew out from her voluminous bosom a number of photographs of a very lush-looking girl. This was her daughter. Augustina pounced upon this suggestion with alacrity and assured me that the girl would be most satisfactory, and, besides, would much prefer working for me rather than where she was at present.

At this Rosario, who had been listening to the proceedings with a twinkle in her eye, burst into a hearty laugh. She said to me in French, "I don't think this girl's exactly trained for what you want of her. She's in a brothel now."

Rosario and I could understand each other very well, I decided. I liked her sense of humour; we would probably get along. After all, she could not be very comfortable at Augustina's; she and her husband slept on a narrow couch, and from what I had seen she was acting the part of a maid of all work.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

“Would you come to stay with me?” I asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders. “What do you think, Salvador?” turning to the quiet man at her side. He had not been there earlier. Maybe he had and I had not noticed him in the chaos. A sullen man, whom I did not find very sympathetic, he rose with his best manner, which I later discovered he knew when to use to his advantage, and jumped at my offer.

“Thank you, mademoiselle, we would be glad to come. My wife will take excellent care of you. She will cook, clean, wash, do everything for you. You will not have to worry about anything.”

Rosario gave him a dark look.

“That isn’t exactly what I want,” I said. “I just don’t want to live alone.”

It was agreed that we would all move in the next day. Augustina bade me a very frigid farewell for having deprived her of her handmaiden.

Miguel laughed and said, “Don’t be upset, Mamma. Rosario couldn’t have held out much longer anyway.”

At last it was all over and I could see Jaime. The whole day, hectic as it had been, had dragged. I had kept looking at my watch to see how much longer it would be before it was time for him to call for me at my hotel.

Seven o’clock. He would be here any moment. I felt the same breathlessness I had when I was waiting for the train to pull in at the station, and as I saw his tall figure coming towards me in the lobby I could not wait and hurried to him. There was so much I wanted to say—how much I loved him, how happy I was to be with him

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again. But there was too much in my heart: it would not come to my lips.

It did not matter. He knew how I felt. He, too, was deeply moved. His customary self-assurance had deserted him, and he stammered some banal remark, grabbing me roughly by the arm and saying, "Come on; let's go somewhere where we can talk."

In utter silence we turned our backs on the crowded main streets and walked towards the older section of Madrid. We passed through narrow, cobblestoned streets, lined with houses so old that they seemed to lean on each other for support. Unconsciously Jaime's arm encircled my waist and he drew me closer, a gesture which had always meant so much to me because I knew how he shrank from any demonstration of affection in public.

Twilight, with its accompanying lassitude, added mellowness and peace to the quiet little streets. We crossed the now empty market-place of the Plaza del Carmen and made our way up an even more crooked street, which, to my surprise, ended in one of the main thoroughfares—the Gran Vía. Here a red neon arrow pointed to a door over which an electric sign read "Café Miami." We entered.

This was as smart a bar as you would find in New York. Luxurious sofas and armchairs with chromium-edged tables in front of them, indirect lighting, and the best-dressed people that I had seen so far. Though it was quite crowded, the conversation was carried on in low tones and the whole atmosphere was one of seclusion and intimacy.

Jaime lighted a cigarette and gave it to me.

"You never forget, do you?"

He smiled, lighted his own and ordered two Amer

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Picons. Over our drinks an unending flow of reminiscences began. Like every couple in love, we found a pleasure in reliving every moment we had spent together, beginning with the first time he took me to a tea dance at the Roosevelt in Hollywood. We laughed as I told him of my mother's exasperation as I had tried one dress after another, begging her to tell me truthfully which she thought he would find most becoming. Of the scenario we once tried to write together, that was going to be all about Spanish *fiestas*, Spanish love and burning passion. Of our dancing lessons together, and the eccentric master who always insisted that we become an *adagio* team, even getting poor Jaime to stagger round the room holding me on the palm of his hand. And finally, the unforgettable two months we had spent together in Mexico.

I felt that nothing could touch me now. Nothing could mar my content. But I was wrong. As I looked round the room I observed too many attractive eyes fixed on Jaime. I felt a pang of jealousy—I could not help it. It was the same old story. The Brown Derby in Hollywood, the Ambassador, everywhere we went in Mexico—women's eyes always followed him.

I realized how much temptation must have been put in his path.

"Jaime, how is it you waited for me all these years? How is it you've never married? "

"How could I? Since I first met you there's never been anyone else. Besides, you know how I feel about marriage. The union of a man and woman is a beautiful thing, and unless it can last for the lifetime of the two it should never be attempted. A man should worship the woman that he chooses as his wife, love her so completely that his life is

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empty without her, and if he is aware of his obligation he will stimulate this love, cherish it, so that every day holds the same enchantment, if not more, than the day before. That is how I feel about you."

The waiter came up.

"Two more, señor?"

Jaime looked at his watch.

"No, thanks. We must be going. It's nine-thirty."

We had dinner at Marichu's, the setting for our nightly meals in the future. It was a picturesque Basque restaurant, and we were greeted at the door by the owner herself, a charming young woman. Her manner was so gracious—as if she had invited us to dinner—that when she ushered us into a dimly lit foyer with comfortable leather chairs and a fireplace for a moment I thought we were in some one's private home.

She smiled with recognition.

"How are you to-night, Señor Castanys? I'm sorry you must wait, but I am forced to take care of the militia first. However, if the señorita doesn't mind, you can eat in the little back room where you were the other evening."

Two large rooms flanked the foyer, but these were filled with soldiers. As we walked through one so many turned and smiled at me that Jaime was annoyed.

"It's probably your hat," he said, as we passed through the noisy kitchen, equipped with an American refrigerator and a buxom, hard-perspiring woman chef. "Nobody wears a hat here any more, man or woman. You haven't even noticed that I haven't got a necktie on."

It was true. I had been so happy just being with him that I hadn't noticed anything.

"It's all so childish," he added, as he pulled out my

## *Dancer in Madrid*

chair. "If I wear a necktie I'm an enemy of the Government; if I don't I'm their friend. Naturally every one's going to walk around without one."

Our first course was set before us.

"Do you realize that this is the first meal we've had together since Mexico? Remember the old lady who ran the French restaurant and would never let more than ten people eat there?"

He stopped eating and looked at me.

"This is what I've wanted for so many years. Not only to have dinner with you, but to know that to-morrow, and the night after, and the night after that we can sit here like this, together."

I saw only his face, the solid, virile look of it and the firm flesh. The deep brown eyes, usually so cold and distant, were warm and close; they were clear and direct under the dark brows, and he was smiling. I traced the curves of his mouth. It was strong, but full and sensuous, gentle yet capable of disdain and cruelty. How often had I seen him change from the glowing, eager vitality that few could resist to the remote, unapproachable haughtiness he could not help assuming whenever he was displeased or uninterested, a frigidity which even in strangers aroused a furious resentment. He was a person who was either very much liked or very much disliked. There was no half-way for those who knew him.

I experienced a sudden shock, the fear that he might be called to fight in the war that was now tearing his country. After everything that we had gone through to be together, after feeling so deeply that there was nothing that could ever separate us again, I wanted him to reassure me.

"Jaime!"

## Madrid

“ Yes? ”

“ They won't make you go to the front, will they? ”

“ Is that what's worrying you, *mimo*? It shouldn't. So far I don't have to go if I don't want to. There hasn't been a general mobilization—and there won't be. This will all be over in a few weeks, before they even get to that.”

“ You really think it will be over so soon? ”

“ The Government can't possibly hold out. They haven't got any arms and they haven't got the brains. The militia's unprepared and there are no trained military minds to command them. Nothing is organized.”

I started to interrupt, my mind flashing back to the perfect discipline that had been created in only three weeks in Barcelona, the co-ordination of all the parties who until the outbreak had been fighting among themselves, the housing and feeding of all the soldiers, but I decided to let him go on.

“ And what are they trying to combat? A trained army, headed by the cream of the military experts, all the big generals and officers, most of them prepared in the Royal Artillery School at Segovia. And in addition they've got all the arms they need.”

“ How is it that the Government hasn't got them? ”

“ Nobody will sell them to the Government.”

“ Well, what about the others? Where are they getting them from? ”

“ You don't think these things are done overnight, do you? They've been planning and getting ready for months. Don't you remember I cabled you not to come? ” He took my hand. “ Still, I'm glad you did. There will

## *Dancer in Madrid*

be no reason for you to worry. You'll simply stay inside if there is any actual fighting when they enter Madrid."

"But, Jaime, I don't understand. How is it that the Government did not suspect or anticipate the revolt? Surely they knew there was an opposition."

"Certainly, but they under-estimated its strength. You see, in the 1936 elections they were swept in by an



overwhelming majority. They were so busy trying to put in the reforms they had promised the people and holding long debates in Parliament that they didn't see what was going on right under their noses. Besides the opposition was so clever and did everything so secretly, planning most of it outside of Spain, that the Government would probably not have seen it even if they had taken time out from talking to look around."

"But this is lasting much longer than you expected, isn't it? You wired me at Hendaye that it couldn't. And now you say it'll all be over in a few weeks. How are they managing? If they haven't got any decent arms and aren't organized, how is it that they're putting up the fight they are? "

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"It's a question of numbers. They have got a solid block right with them. Naturally, the common people."

"Then you admit the Rebels are in the minority? What right have they got to kill the people if this form of government is what the people want?"

"But the people don't know what they want."

"You can't tell me that in a thing like this a man goes out and dies for something he doesn't know. Certainly all those that I've met know what they want."



He leaned back and laughed.

"This is fine talk for our first meal together, arguing about politics. You don't know anything about it, and at this moment I've had my fill. Besides the issue's so close to every Spaniard's heart that I can't discuss it without becoming excited. It's not anything that can be settled or explained in a calm discussion at dinner. It goes to the very root of the Spanish people. You must know their history and everything that has led up to this crisis."

I noticed with interest that he called himself a Spaniard this time, not a Catalan.

"Anyhow, the revolution's all I've talked about for the past month and I'm a little tired of it. We'd better go. After twelve it isn't too safe to be on the streets."



## *Dancer in Madrid*

From every little *café* came the sound of soldiers singing. The night was warm as the day had been. Only the bright moon looked cool. We made our way down the beautiful Paseo del Prado to my hotel, which was opposite the station.

"I never got to tell you about all the people I met, Jaime. Or my apartment. Or the couple that's going to live with me. Or the——"

"Well, come on inside and tell me all about it now."

The next morning Jaime knocked at my door.

"Good morning, *mimo*. Are you ready? I've come to move you."

"Good. But I didn't expect you. Don't you have any office hours here in Spain?"

"First of all, we don't. Everything comes before business, especially pleasure—at least, in Madrid. And secondly, I'm not exactly overrun with tourists trying to get into Spain. Hurry up, darling. There's a surprise for you. I'm afraid it might get away before you see it."

We walked down to the street, and there was an ancient vehicle parked in front of the hotel.

"See what I've got for you," Jaime said, with a flourish.

It was indeed a relic of 'old Spain,' and the dilapidated horse and driver also smacked of the same period. He was a jolly old fellow, full of life, and in the short time it took him to pack us and the bags in he had drawn out most of my history. Having discovered that this was only my second day in Madrid, he turned to Jaime.

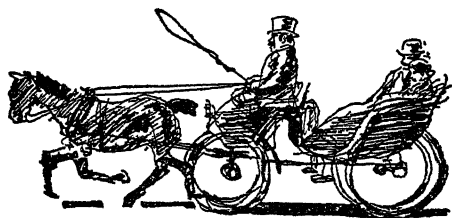
"Without any extra charge, señor, I will take you and

## Madrid

the señorita to this address the longer way so that she may see what a splendid city this is."

The old horse made a supreme effort and started to haul us.

"I might be going out for a ride around Central Park



in one of the old cabs that are always standing outside the Plaza," I said to Jaime.

"You ought to be glad I got this old thing. Every taxi and car in the city's requisitioned."

We were riding up the Calle de Alcalá. It was still early morning and the oppressive heat had not yet started. The sky was a peculiar shade of pale blue, powdery and cloudless. Before us rose an unimpressive-looking arch which seemed to throw our driver into ecstasies. His voice swelling with pride, he shouted to us, "This is the famous Puerta de Alcalá," as though it were the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, when you could probably have fitted it inside the arch in Washington Square, New York. "You see those great holes?" (I could hardly make out the faint indentations.) "Those came from the cannons of Napoleon's soldiers."

Close beside it lay the entrance to the great park of Madrid, El Buen Retiro. Even the name suggested what awaited you behind the high grilled fences—the Pleasant

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Retreat. Its gates were locked and were never opened in the months I was there. I had to satisfy myself peering through the ironwork, almost envying the sheep and cows that were later put in there to graze.

Even the long way proved too short, for before we realized it we had drawn up before my new home. Rosario was already busy making out a long list of complaints with which she intended to overwhelm the landlady. The mattresses were dirty and full of holes with the rough wool falling out. She indignantly drew aside the rugs from the floor and pushed the bed and chairs back to show me that the floors were unpainted under every rug and every piece of furniture. Salvador had discovered that the chimney did not draw and that the various pieces of furniture which I had admired as antiques really were antiques. The handles fell off the drawers, and the drawers opened only under pressure. The smaller chairs were spindly and unsafe to sit on, and the desk-leaf could not be opened.

Jaime and I sat down on the one substantial thing in the place, the sofa, and burst into laughter. Finally Rosario joined in, but I may say here that, thanks to her, the mattresses were replaced, the floors painted, the chimney repaired, and the antiques modernized.

At that moment the door-bell rang. Miguel and Rafael burst in, Rafael with a flat loaf of white bread and Miguel with a bottle of wine.

"*Ole, gitana,*" he shouted with gusto, his eyes dancing as he broke into a few steps of a *bulerias*, still holding the wine.

I put on my castanets and joined him. Soon bedlam had broken loose. Rosario, Salvador, and Rafael were clap-

## *Madrid*

ping the rhythms and Jaime was calling, “ *Asi se baila* ” (“ That’s how it should be danced ”). From the courtyards people were leaning out of their windows, yelling that word which to them signifies the ultimate in approval, “ *Ole, Ole!* ”

V

*Rosario*

*Non hay patria, Veremundo?*

*No la lleva todo buen español dentro de su pecho?*

You say there is no fatherland, Veremundo?

Does not every good Spaniard carry it within his heart?

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA

IN the fourth week of the revolution Madrid presented the same outward manifestations of a war that Barcelona had, but preserved its normal way of living. No one seemed to realize the fact that the enemy was only some sixty miles away. Motion-picture theatres were open as usual; people still sat four hours over a cup of coffee in a *café*; there was even a gala theatrical season. For a nominal entrance fee you were able to see all the outstanding artists of Spain. These were benefit performances for the hospitals; in time of peace you could not have seen so many performers in one evening for any amount of money. They worked indefatigably, giving as many as five different benefits a day. As soon as they finished in one theatre they were hurried in cars to appear at another. Seldom have entertainers been so generous in devoting their services and talents.

If it had not been for the soldiers on their way to the front, committee cars rushing on vital, secret missions, trucks loaded with provisions, the predominance of *motos* (the regulation army garb, looking like house-painters' overalls), nothing but war news in the newspapers and

## Rosario

over the radios, I would have found it hard to understand that these people were in the midst of a terrible revolution.

This attitude was typical of the Madrileños, who preserved a certain insouciance almost to the day the Rebels were at their gates. But they surprised the rest of the world, and themselves as well, by their super-heroic defence.

A friend of mine, a white-haired old gentleman, born and bred there and so much a part of Madrid that he seemed a landmark, once said to me, "I never would have believed that the Madrileños would prove to be such great fighters. Of all the people of Spain they were always the least inclined to be militant. We never had any concern more vital than at which *café* our favourite dancer was appearing or whether Joselito would be in his best form at to-morrow's bull-fight. We never got to bed before five or six in the morning, but many as were the glasses of *manzanilla* we drank, it was seldom that two men under its influence ended in a quarrel; if they did, fiery and passionate as their words and threats might have been, they usually wound up embracing each other. Sometimes it seems to me that even I, a Madrileño, did not know the depths of my own people until now."

Certainly it is not easy to know the Madrileño. You are misled into believing that you are on intimate terms with him because of his facile informality, spontaneous words of affection, and inclusion of you in his *camaraderie* and continual pursuit of diversion. That part of him which he gives to you on early acquaintance or in good companionship he gives to every one. But it takes time to penetrate the reserve into which he withdraws if you try

## *Dancer in Madrid*

to go further than mere sociability. He will agree to meet you any hour of the day or night for a bit of amusement, will discuss anything you like, but this does not mean that he will invite you to his home or present you to his family. He will sooner introduce you to his mistress than to his wife. There is practically no entertaining at home; all social life is carried on in public rendezvous in *cafés*, restaurants, and bars.

Madrid is the centre of Spain. Although geographically the point may lie some miles away, actually this city is the essence of the whole country. To the casual traveller Granada, Seville, Cadiz, or any other city which typifies its province in architecture or customs seems more Spanish. It does not look like what you expect of Spain. No effort is made to supply local colour to intrigue the tourist. Although the most hospitable of cities, it would not change one pebble of its pavements to attract an outsider.

It represents no province, not even its own Castile, but goes beyond to embody in its own aspect and character the underlying spirit of the rest of Spain. Its buildings are neither picturesque nor dated; the clothes are those seen in any cosmopolitan city—in no outward manner is its Spanishness outstanding. But it is in the people themselves that we find it most national. The Madrileño is at home in every province and the provincial is at home in Madrid.

When you get to know the people of Madrid you appreciate the flavour and charm of the city; and when you know Madrid you know the essence of Spain.

What would I have done without Rosario? She was

## Rosario

housekeeper, governess, devoted friend, and belligerent guardian extraordinary, and I was willing to get up every morning at seven o'clock just for the pleasure of watching her do our daily shopping. Because a shortage of certain food products, such as meat, was already beginning the markets were crowded by the time we got there.



Spanish housewives are adept and, when necessary, indignant and vehement bargainers. They let forth a stream of adjectives that would stagger anyone but their neighbourhood grocers, who feel no resentment, but take it as part of the selling routine. But they were all paragons of gentility compared with Rosario.

When Rosario went into action she was the centre of envy and admiration by the others and the terror of the merchant. He was even startled out of his customary calm to loud outbursts in defence of his maternal and paternal ancestors, whose morals, honour, and legitimacy were all questioned for the sake of a peseta. After a few



## *Dancer in Madrid*

encounters when he saw her approach he would obviously gird his loins for battle, but he seldom won.

Her shopping ability was not the only asset that made Rosario an invaluable companion. In the few days we had been together she had evidently become very fond of me. Apart from the fact that she refused to allow me to do any of the housework—she washed, cooked, and cleaned for me despite my protests, answering that it was a rest compared to what she had done at the Albaicin home—she appointed herself a veritable bodyguard, unless I was with an escort. Even if it were only around the block she accompanied me. It was useless to insist that as I had travelled all the way from America alone I could take care of myself in Madrid.

There was never a dull moment, for when she was not battling with the tramcar conductors or hurling imprecations at careless drivers she related tales of her colourful but, it must be admitted, salacious past. All of these she told in a salty and humorous vein.

Of her background I could never get a very clear picture. I don't think Rosario herself ever really could. But these things stood out. She was born of peasant stock in Southern France, near Pau, thirty or forty years ago. Her father remained only a myth to her because she never saw him. For some reason or other her parents never occupied the same home. It was not until three years ago that her mother married for the first time. He was a Frenchman who had emigrated to California about fifty years ago, made what he considered his fortune, and returned to his native land to pick himself a French wife. Coming with only this idea in mind, for he disliked everything about France but its women, methodically he chose his

## Rosario

mate, and in three weeks was on his way back with her to the country he had adopted and loved.

Her own household so haphazard, Rosario had been forced to spend most of her time with her aunt, her mother's sister. At least this lady had a home, shared with a famous guitarist of Spain. They had a very large apartment in Paris, which was always thronged with artists, prominent or as yet unacclaimed. It was also the meeting-place for all Spaniards in Paris.

An admirer of her aunt's had financed a sumptuous night club for her, and here Rosario made her first appearance at the age of fourteen as a dancer. The few years previous she had spent in a boarding school in Madrid at the request of the police. They had objected to the presence of a child at the branch night club her aunt had opened there. Rosario used to live over the club with her aunt, but the police thought she was frequenting it. At eighteen she started to give private lessons in ballroom dancing. Who could blame some of her clients for falling in love with her lively charm?

Whatever her aunt's life was she was very strict about Rosario's, just as Rosario, whatever her own was like, was very strict about mine. Rosario's dancing partner was a handsome young Spaniard, and she fell very much in love with him. This time there was a precedent to be set in the family; they were to be married. Until now Rosario had been quite untouched by the atmosphere in which she had been bred and looked forward to her marriage with the same ardour as any young girl. But she received a bitter blow one night when she found her *fiancé* in her aunt's arms.

Her love shattered, her whole life changed. After a few

## *Dancer in Madrid*

months one of her dancing pupils, the Duce di Vila Rosa, a small, slim man of forty and one of the most eligible bachelors of the Italian nobility, asked her to go away with him. She accepted his offer, and they left for Capri. Glamorous days, beautiful clothes, magnificent jewels, a coach and four—but they held her only until she succumbed to the lure of the duke's best friend, another Italian duke, who took her back to Paris again.

Despite his lavishness the Duce di Vila Rosa was too sober and mature for the effervescent young girl. Thinking she would please him, she started to take piano lessons, but he could not stand the noise of her practising. He also had a few strange characteristics, unaccountable to Rosario. Though he permitted his valet to dress him and treat him like a baby, he always insisted on cleaning his own shoes, and carried a complete shining outfit in a mother-of-pearl case, fitted exquisitely with precious bottles and velvet cloths.

But his friend was young and had a handsome moustache and a sparkle in his eye. These, and the six dozen roses he sent her every day, Rosario could not resist. The young duke's betrayal of his friend, however, preyed on his conscience, and when Rosario received a forgiving note from Vila Rosa asking her to come back to him she agreed. But somehow it was not her destiny, because she found herself in Barcelona instead of being in Capri with the duke.

Of the following years I could make no connected story, but the details kept me entertained through the long months to come. I do know that she returned once more to Paris, where she got a job as sales lady in an antique shop. Here she met Salvador, his father being the owner. Whatever the attraction was it remains a mystery

## Rosario

to me, for Salvador is not a prepossessing person; but there was some spark, for they embarked upon a union that no bickering or misunderstanding seems able to destroy. They have been together nine years. I have never questioned this relationship too closely either.

Rosario had known life too well to take it seriously.



She had had riches and trials, mingled with high and low, humble and *élite*. Not only could no one put anything over on her, but no one could impress her with his self-importance. She went right to the root of things, of people. Above all, she was generous and honest. There was nothing too much for her to do for a neighbour or even a stranger who needed assistance, whether it ranged from assisting as midwife to helping lay out the dead. Despite her superficial frivolity she inspired confidence in those who really knew her. One of her gipsy acquaintances was married to the Marquis de Canedo. Rosario met him at the huge party he gave every New Year's Eve for all the gipsies in Madrid. Though no close friendship ensued,

## *Dancer in Madrid*

the Marquis trusted her so implicitly that when he and the Marquise went to Paris for a protracted stay they left their estate, with its invaluable collection of art treasures, completely in her care.

Jaime, of course, could not see through her outward vulgarity. I had made the mistake of telling him about her past, and when he noticed the growing intimacy between us he objected to my retaining her. Rosario sensed his disapproval, resented it, and there was always an animosity between them. Even when she proved her devotion by staying up four days and four nights when I had an acute attack of ptomaine poisoning she could not win him over.

Though it caused many quarrels between Jaime and myself, Rosario stayed on and I never regretted it.

Miguel and I were walking down the Gran Via towards the Press Building. We had just come from our daily two-hour rehearsal at the Monreal Academy, only a few blocks away, and I was taking this occasion to check my newspaper status with Mr Loyza. I was busy talking to Miguel when I felt some one tap me on the shoulder.

It was a very thin, sharp-featured man with glasses, wearing a *mono*.

"You are an American newspaper correspondent, are you not?" he asked in a dry, staccato voice, speaking in Spanish.

My heart pounded. Miguel with true gipsy valour was already turning pale.

"Yes," I said, after a moment's hesitation.

"My name is Villatora. I'm a Spanish writer and war correspondent and I would like to know if you could give me some information."

## *Rosario*

The three of us started to walk towards the building.

"I'm anxious to establish contact with some American editorial houses. Could you give me a list of them?" he asked.

I was at a loss. I was not even sure what "editorial house" meant.

"I'm afraid I can't give you one offhand. I'll have to write it out and bring it to you," I answered. Feeling that his request had been only a pretext for his approach, I decided to make sure that he would have no reason to suspect me. Evidently he was determined to follow it up.

"When can I have it?"

"I'm going up to Thomas Loyza's office this minute and can have it typed there. If you like you can wait for me downstairs and I can bring it to you."

"Certainly I'll wait," he said, smiling.

As soon as I saw Mr Loyza I told him of the incident, and he said that they had already asked him who I was and he had identified me. He seemed surprised that Villatora himself should have stopped me.

"He's a pretty big man, one of the heads of the Milicia de la Prensa," he said.

"What's that?"

"It's made up of the more important newspaper-men and other writers who have become strictly war correspondents. Most of them have other positions apart from this work, in different branches of the administration, but in this unit they function as reporters on the fronts or travel with the soldiers at the taking of a village, pencil in one hand and gun in the other. Of course they have a certain military duty, such as guarding this building, and they have the authority to investigate any person or action

## *Dancer in Madrid*

that looks suspicious to them. They even have their own place of eating, a certain number of cars at their disposal, and are provided with the best of arms."

Fortunately he could help me with the list of editorial houses, and he had it prepared at once. Downstairs Villatora was talking to another man in uniform, tall and lithe, who excused himself as he saw us approach. I never had had such an impression of vitality as I got from the look of his wide green eyes.

Villatora seemed in good humour. He was still smiling after his companion left him.

"Thank you very much for these names," he said. "Perhaps you would be interested in visiting the People's Theatre and writing an article about it for your papers? I'm going over now to watch the rehearsal of a play."

I couldn't think of any excuse why, as a newspaper woman, I wouldn't be interested in writing an article on the People's Theatre, so, turning to Miguel, I told him where I was going and that I would see him later.

When we arrived the rehearsals had not begun. Villatora took me up into one of the large boxes and we sat for a while in the empty theatre waiting for the actors and director. In former days the theatre had been one of the most sumptuous—the old Fontalba, now rechristened the Teatro del Pueblo. Villatora told me that they were just getting started, but hoped eventually to have an active group. They wanted to be in a position where the actors and stage hands could have their living quarters attached directly to the theatre, and they could send companies to travel through the provinces. He told me how the Republic had created a number of these small groups, and that they had been received with overwhelming enthusiasm

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among the villagers. Now the aim was to make groups permanent and install them in theatres instead of playing before audiences in the street. Sixty per cent. of Spain was illiterate, and he felt that the theatre could become a very important educational factor in the growth of the people; he was sure that once the Loyalist Government could begin to operate freely these theatres would be one of the first parts of their educational programme.

Some of the company had now begun to assemble on the stage. I asked Villatora what the play was about.

"The taking of the Cuartel de la Montaña." Then, as I failed to respond, he added, "Do you know about the Cuartel?"

"No, I don't. Tell me about it."

Down on the stage the director had called the company together and they were talking in low tones.

"You'll probably visit the Cuartel before long," said Villatora. "It's a large barrack overlooking Madrid. The day the revolution broke out the soldiers in it mutinied to the Rebel side. The Cuartel is very strategically placed, and the insurgents felt that there could be little effective opposition in taking Madrid if they had the Cuartel."

He looked towards the stage. Evidently the play was still in the first stages of rehearsal for the actors were still reading from the script.

"Two days after the mutiny, July the 20th," Villatora went on, "the Government decided to recapture the Cuartel. The attempt was scheduled for four o'clock in the afternoon. Every one went calmly about his business. Friends met as usual in the *cafés*. Then at ten to four every one rose, men looked at one another in recognition of the time and smilingly excused themselves. That's the



## *Dancer in Madrid*

part they are working out now." He nodded towards the stage.

Down on the stage a number of men were going through the business of rising from the table and calling "*Hasta luego*" or "*Hasta mañana*."

"At exactly four o'clock," continued Villatora, "the march on the Cuartel began. The Government had for its offensive one heavy gun, two field-pieces collected from repair shops, and a limited number of rifles. Inside the barracks were militia, police, cadets, blackshirts, and officers—a perfectly trained body of men with a vast supply of armaments including machine-guns and heavy artillery.

"The Loyalists marched towards the Cuartel. Before



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you reach it there is a steep ascent. The men mounted this ascent towards the steps that lead up to it. The Rebels opened fire, but as fast as our men fell they were instantly replaced by others. The steps were never used—the men walked over the bodies of their fallen comrades right into the barracks.”

“How many were killed?” I asked.

“Over two thousand.”

I turned and looked down on the stage. The actors were still rehearsing the same scene.

“I’d like to meet some one who took part in the attack,” I said.

“I took part in it,” said Villatora.



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VI

*Pan y Toros*

SUNDAY I awoke with a feeling of excitement. There was a full day ahead. A concert, lunch at Jaime's *pension*, a bull-fight, dinner—all with him.

Rosario was singing. She had asked me to teach her a lot of American popular songs, and I had, but when she sang them I never recognized them. A strange combination of waltzes and foxtrots in Spanish rhythms floated out of the kitchen.

"Breakfast's ready," she called, and in I went. Even Salvador looked less glum than usual and volunteered a few remarks, lifting his head from the paper which occupied him for at least six hours every day.

As we were gossiping the door-bell rang, and Jaime came in, his arms full of *claveles* (red carnations).

"I never bargained on falling in love with a gipsy," he said, kissing me, "but as long as I have I may as well use the accepted way of wooing one. Of course, if you were any other woman I would have brought you roses, or even white carnations, but for a gipsy, only *claveles*."

"Thank you, darling. Have you had your breakfast?"

"Just a cup of coffee, but I could stand another."

I made a gesture that he sit down and join us.

"Suppose we have it at the Café Mayor?" he said.

"The concert doesn't start till eleven, anyhow,"

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The streets were so quiet that it looked like a Sunday morning at home. We crossed over to the Castellana and walked down its spacious shaded lanes to a little *café* near the Teatro Calderon, where the concert was to be held. The *café* was as empty as the streets. "We seem to be the only ones out," I said.

Jaime laughed.

"Madrid is still asleep, recovering from Saturday night," he said, and picked out a table near the window. A few men passed by. Even without their instruments, which they carried under their arms, we would have recognized them as musicians. "There they go," said Jaime. "It'll be good to hear some real music, won't it?"

"Very. Is the orchestra here as good as the Casals in Barcelona?"

"No. Unfortunately the Spanish people are not musically educated. Though they love music, their appreciation is mostly limited to folk music. Even our few great composers, Albeniz, Granados, de Falla, have really only glorified the folk themes. All their works have a Spanish background. But to-day I understand we're going to hear some Haydn and Wagner too."

"That's interesting, considering that Wagner is the hero and ideal of Fascist Germany. Your Government's pretty decent, I think, to keep on playing him. I doubt if Germany would do a similar thing."

"It's odd about Wagner, anyhow. Time makes ironical changes. When Wagner was writing *Lohengrin* he was accused of being a revolutionary, of plotting against the Fascist *régime* of his day, and was forced to flee from Germany. To-day he's the standard-bearer of the Nazis."

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Jaime handed me a cigarette.

"Miguel's invited us to the bull-fight this afternoon," I said.

"I'm afraid I can't go, Janet."

"Why? Please, Jaime, this is a very special one. I would like to see it."

"Darling, by all means do so. It's just that, much as I would like to, I can't go with you. There's something I must do."

My face showed so much disappointment that he immediately added, "Something very important to me has come up. I must leave you for a few hours."

"And later? "

"We'll have dinner and spend the whole evening together. The bull-fight fits in very well. I didn't want to leave you alone while I attended to my affairs."

"Wasn't it you who told me pleasure came before business in Spain? "

We were interrupted as an untidy, though rather attractive young woman came towards our table. On closer sight I could tell by her features and colouring that she was a gipsy.

Jaime grinned. "She's probably one of Miguel's poorer relations," he said.

She stopped in front of me and spoke in an awed, admiring voice.

"You have the face of a millionairess, señorita, and surely the gentleman is a governor."

I was beginning to feel quite smug, when I saw her outstretched grimy palm.

"Just a few *centimos* for a poor *gitana*? *Un real*? "

Jaime gave her the money and turned to me, laughing.

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"She's a well-known figure around Madrid," he said, and told me how, when begging near the Capitol Building one day, she approached a man and said, "You look like President Azaña himself. Surely you must be a very bright man. Won't you give me some money?" The man smiled and dropped some coins in her hand. "It's a very great compliment you have paid me," he said, "but I wouldn't say that to every one. However, this time it's all right"; and as he turned to leave he added, "I *am* President Azaña."

He told me another amusing incident. Once when he was in Toledo with some tourists a gipsy stopped an Englishman and the Englishman rather snobbishly refused to give him anything. The fellow looked him up and down and said, "After all, it's only a question of fate; you might just as easily have been the beggar and I the tourist."

A few more patrons had come into the *café*, and outside the city was coming to life. Facing us was the famous Plaza Mayor, the oldest square in Madrid and the scene of much of its great history. How many tournaments, *autos-de-fé*, canonizations, and bull-fights had been held there! Now Sunday pedestrians were walking under its cool arcades. They seemed part of another world and age. To the right I saw the tall modern Telephone Building, a skyscraper for Spain and a towering reminder of our day.

"You know, Jaime, no matter how many modern improvements you put in this city I bet the people are the same as they were in the eighteenth century. Barcelona I found more American, more metropolitan. Don't you think so?"

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"We Catalans are the most progressive people in Spain," he said. "Madrileños are nice to live with if you like them. But to do business with? . . . It's impossible; they drive you mad. But didn't you find Barcelona beautiful? Many people consider it finer than Madrid."

"Maybe I wasn't in the mood to appreciate it."

He took my hands. "Did you see my parents?"

"I went there, but I didn't really see them."

"They probably didn't even ask you in."

I nodded.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That's why I was afraid to ask you."

"And I afraid to tell you."

"I know, *mimo*. You see, they don't understand."

"But there's nothing to understand."

"Perhaps there is. You said just now that you liked the Madrileños because they retain some of their old-world ways. But there are other aspects of this old-worldness which are not so pleasant. The Catalans keep many of these. My family could just as well have lived two hundred years ago. Look at my sister. Twenty-nine years old and she has never even taken a walk alone. The books that she reads, the clothes she wears, the friends she has—everything is supervised by my mother. I doubt if she is even allowed to go to the cinema. In America a ten-year-old child has more liberty than she has."

"Doesn't she ever feel like rebelling? Is she happy that way?"

"No one asks her. She doesn't expect to be happy. Every one else she knows lives the same sort of life."

"But what are they going to say if you marry me?"

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"Don't say 'if,' darling." He took my chin in his hand. "I don't know what they'll say, but don't worry about it. That's not the most important thing to us. What is important is that we have loved each other for six years, and despite everything that has happened, everything that has come between us, we are together. I shan't let anything part us again."

Crowds were pouring into the Plaza de Toro. Four o'clock. The sun streamed down on the thousands of men and women waiting on edge for the bull-fight to begin. Gay *pasos dobles* and stirring marches came down from the bands seated high on all sides in the grandstand. The sun baked the sandy arena, still empty, but avidly awaiting the first spurt of blood to drench it.

This was to be one of the most outstanding bull-fights ever held, because eight matadors were to kill sixteen bulls. Seldom do more than three take part, each, of course, working with two bulls during the performance. It was a benefit for the hospitals, and the greatest fighters in Spain were donating their art. Usually they received some ten thousand pesetas for one afternoon.

Miguel had obtained good seats in the second row, right behind the space where the matadors await their turn in the ring and where they escape in case of danger. Our seats were not only near the front but also shaded—in the *sombra*, the best place to sit if you are going to see or enjoy anything of the fight.

We were four. Miguel had brought his best friend, Valentine, a Spaniard of poor family, who had been preparing himself for a career of making French pastry under the tutelage of a famous chef when he was called



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to military service. He was reborn when Miguel initiated him into the pleasures of tap-dancing and spurred him on to new ambitions. He was completely nondescript. After six years of going around with a young lady he had married her, but his chief object of worship was Miguel. He saw his wife only when Miguel did not need him.

We were all eagerly watching the clock. The only thing that begins exactly on time in Spain is a bull-fight. At any moment the procession would begin.

I had seen a great many *corridos* in Mexico City, but was anxious for this one, my first in Spain, to start. Although I had felt the usual revulsion at the thought of bleeding horses and the general horrors that most people experience before they go to many, I had persuaded Jaime to take me to one. After that one I wanted to see many more, but Jaime would never take me. I used to go with Miguel.

Few people do not go to extremes in their reactions or opinions about bull-fighting. The majority are enthusiastically for or against. The latter consider it barbaric, crude, uncivilized; the former, a great art.

But it is so definitely a part of Spanish culture, so wholly and uniquely a Spanish art—the Spanish art—that it is more important to know why Spaniards like it so much than why others do not.

First of all, they do consider it an art, not a sport. Hemingway compares it with sculpture. I would say it is more like the dance. It is even an integral part of the dance. Both forms are so interwoven that it is difficult to know which came first, whether the bull-fighter has taken his gestures from the traditional dances or whether the

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dance has incorporated the attitudes of the bull-fighter. La Argentina's most successful dance was called "La Corrida" and was nothing more than a succession of bull-fight passes set to music.

Bull-fighting is something more than a barbarous amusement. It embodies the most primitive qualities of the Spanish character. Cruelty? Yes, but at the same time pride, nobility, impulsiveness, courage, and grace.

The tale is told of a nobleman of the eighteenth century, the Marquis de Siete Iglesias (the Marquis of Seven Churches), who was sentenced to die. His last words on the scaffold were, "All my life I have carried myself gracefully." This may seem a superficial remark for one's last words on earth, but, whether he knew it or not, the old marquis spoke for all Spaniards.

Grace is noted in all aspects of Spanish life, but it reaches its pinnacle in the art of bull-fighting. Here two things matter most—grace and bravery. The idols of the people have both. But if a choice had to be made between an expert killer and a marvellous performer with the cape and *muleta* who was not so brave they would take the performer. An example of this is their preference for the gipsy bull-fighters, who, notorious cowards though they are, are unparalleled in style and elegance.

The sun, still high in the sky, pours down its hot, brilliant rays on the spectacle, teeming with life. Soon eight arrogant matadors will make their entrance to the fanfare of trumpets and the loud acclaim of the admiring crowd. How many will live to make a triumphant exit? Soon sixteen bulls, one by one, will charge the length of the arena, quivering, like lightning in their fury. When the sun, a small red ball of fire, will be low on the horizon,

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sixteen bulls, one by one, will have been dragged out of the arena. Only a trail of blood will remain.

Miguel grabbed my arm. The gates were opened and a military band marched out to the centre of the ring to sound the first bars of the Spanish national anthem. Every one rose, saluting with clenched fists in the air, and sang fervently. The day was fraught with emotion, not only for the spectacle about to begin, but with an acute awareness of the drama being enacted so near by. No *mantillas*, no young dandies flourishing canes and brushing the dust off their sleeves with monogrammed handkerchiefs, only bared young heads, their sleek hair glistening in the sun, and strong young bodies clad in blue or khaki *monos*.

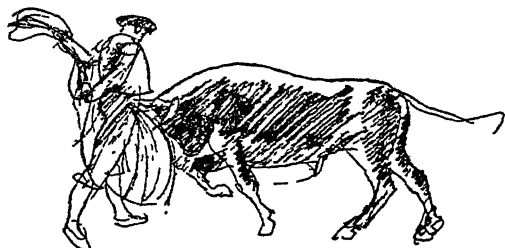
Next came the *toreros*. These were headed by the *matadores*, followed by twenty-four *banderilleros*, and ended with the sixteen *picadores* on their padded horses. Though longer than usual, this procession followed the ancient ritual. It crossed the bull-ring, the *toreros*, in their heelless pumps resembling soft ballet shoes, with the swagger peculiar to the bull-fighter, stopping only to bow and remove their hats in front of the official box. Though they usually wear gold and silver embroidered costumes, magnificently braided and of the richest fabrics, especially the gipsies, whose natural love of the ornate and colourful finds a perfect outlet in this display, to-day they were all simply dressed in black or dark grey outfits with a simple white shirt. Only the tight fit and *svelte* cut supplied the glamour.

The procession was over. Those who were not to take part in the first killing retired behind the *barrera*, the red-

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painted wooden fence round the sanded ring. Two *matadores* with their assistants remained inside. (One *matador* always does a few passes with the cape at the other's bull.)

Miguel and Rafael were tense, their eyes turned towards the *chiquero*, the closed stall in which the bulls await their entrance to the ring. I turned to look there too, just at the moment when the bull, snorting and pawing the



ground, rushed out, jerking his head, dazzled by the bright light after his long confinement in complete darkness.

The *peones*, second assistants to the *matadores*, ran out into the ring with their capes to test the bull, to determine if he was brave or treacherous. The *matadores* watched every movement of the animal closely. Each bull makes only one appearance in the ring. If for some reason he may leave the ring alive he is never allowed to return. The bull is such a clever animal that if he is in the arena even one minute he senses all the tricks of the fight. In once more, he would slaughter the *matador*.

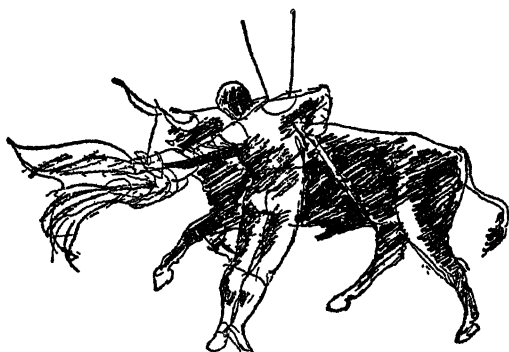
Every bull-fighter prefers a brave bull. He knows that this one will charge relentlessly, share in every moment of the fight and never wait to be attacked. Of a cowardly bull he never knows what to expect.

Briefly, this is what takes place. The actual bull-fight

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is divided into four parts: the cape play by the *matador*, the thrusts by the *picadores* on their mounts, the placing of the *banderillas* (steel points on beribboned wooden shafts), and finally the play with the *muleta* (cape with sword concealed) and the death-blow.

As all the *matadores* were famous the boys were enthusiastic. Niño de la Palma was one of the first.



“He’s very old,” said Miguel. “We forgive him if he doesn’t do much now; he was a great fighter in his youth.”

When the old *matador* finished they gave him the ears and tail of the bull he had slain. This is the highest honour which can be paid a bull-fighter, implying that he has killed the bull in one clean thrust and that his cape work has been perfect. Probably Niño de la Palma felt that this was only a gesture to him and that he had not been at his best, for he walked before the President’s box, thanked him graciously, and threw his trophies on the ground.

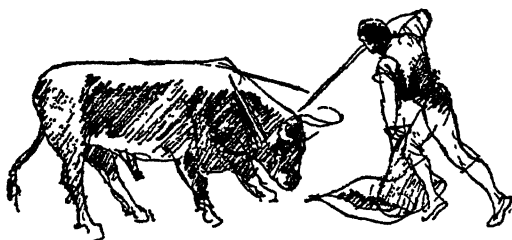
“Wait till you see Cagancho,” said Miguel.

Although we had seen him many times together in

## Pan y Toros

Mexico, I knew how excited Miguel was. Cagancho was his cousin.

Cagancho's turn. If nothing else, he was a delight to the eye. The same colouring as Miguel, the dark bronze skin and black hair, but yellow-green eyes such as you see only in gipsies or perhaps in Andalusian women. He never failed to arouse the appreciation of the audience at every performance. Angry as they often became at his



cowardice, for he was incredibly superstitious (if he passed a funeral or a black cat on his way to the ring nothing could make him fight), they forgave him for only one minute of his exquisite passing.

His greatness as a bull-fighter lies in his suave slowness. When he is in good form he is unparalleled. In those passes in which the *matador* stands balanced on his toes, his cape at arm's length in front of him, making an arc with it as the bull charges past, Cagancho is unique. He moves his arm so slowly that the onlookers catch their breath. As the horn flashes by him, so near that it has often ripped the silk of his jacket, he does not take a step back, but draws in his stomach so that it almost touches his spine.

Miguel and Rafael always insisted that their cousin was a terrible coward, but whenever he achieved one of

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these great displays they almost cheered themselves out of their seats. This, however, was not one of Cagancho's best days. Maybe the fact that he would have to donate all his salary accounted for it. Still, the honour of the gipsies was upheld by another cousin of the Albaicins, Gitanillo de Triana. He was a twenty-year-old boy and was soon to be married to the daughter of one of the greatest bull-fighters Spain has ever known—El Gallo.

The hero of the day was El Estudiante (the Student), so called because before becoming a professional *matador* he had studied medicine. He was keen, young, good-looking, the perfect *matador* type. An added interest and tension awaited his appearance. The previous day his younger brother had been killed in action on the Guadarrama front. Those who knew of his deep grief understood that only because this was a benefit for the soldiers was he willing, even anxious, to take part.

Seldom have I seen such an impressive performance as his that afternoon. So dignified, so unaffectedly brave, it was more a solemn ritual than an exciting, breathless spectacle. Not that he was less daring than anyone else. If anything, he was more so. But the spirit, the almost mystic emotion that lay behind, was felt by every one.

When at last he finished, having killed the bull with one perfect thrust, the audience burst into hysterical cries of approval and threw hats and bunches of flowers into the ring. Over the *barrera* jumped countless *milicianos*. They lifted him to their shoulders and carried him triumphantly round the arena. When they finally let him down they grouped around him and one of them started to speak to him, embracing him. It was evident that some mention was being made of his brother.

## Pan y Toros

A quiet descended over the watchful crowd. Tears filled the young bull-fighter's eyes. Unable to control himself, sobbing, he hid his face in the crook of his arm and started to run, stumbling, from the field.

The crowd, which only a few moments ago had been a mad, cheering mob, was deathly silent. Suddenly, like a wave, they all rose to their feet—a gesture of silent homage to the dead brother and all the young men who



had been and were still giving their lives for them, for Spain.

Some weeks later another bull-fight was held in Badajoz—a town recently captured by General Franco's troops. Just as impressive, but even more spectacular. The bright sun baked the sandy arena, still empty, but avidly awaiting the first spurt of blood to drench it.

But there were no *matadores*, no bulls. The gay, cheering crowd was also eager for the *corrida* to begin. We will assume that they were too eager to notice the four machine-guns stationed in the four corners of the grandstand.

At last it was to start: the gates were thrown open. But what was this? No gala procession, no arrogant *toreros* with their capes over their arms, no mounted



## *Dancer in Madrid*

*picadores*; only a vast herd of pale-faced men, women, and children who were to atone for their loyalty to a democratic ideal.

How many of these would leave the ring alive? Not one. Nor did it take until the sun was low on the horizon. It was still hot and bright when the horrified audience saw the arena, which had more than enough blood to slake its thirst, covered with the still, inert mass of humanity.

## VII

### *Café Brazil*

*Mis arrears son las armas,  
Mi descanso es pelear;  
Mi cama las duras penas,  
Mi dormir siempre velar.*

My ornaments are weapons,  
My rest, combat;  
My bed, hard pain,  
My sleep, a constant vigilance.

FOLKLORE

MAESTRO MONREAL was known as the greatest plagiarist in Madrid. In fact, he had recently paid dearly for this fame, having been sued successfully for twenty thousand pesetas. After this experience he swore never to steal a well-known melody again.

However, he had just broken this oath. There had been a flood of popular songs on the market, all beginning with the name Maria—such as *Maria de Lao*, *Maria Magdalena*, *Maria Salome*, and *Maria Cruz*. Therefore he had selected a few bars from each of these, mixed them well together, and triumphantly concocted a *pot-pourri* called *Maria Jesus*.

I went to the Monreal Academy every day to dance, but if you picture it as an academy you will be sadly disillusioned. It is set in a crooked little alley called "the Street of the Moon." Even before you enter the narrow building you hear the sound of stamping and singing, an odd conglomeration of Spanish and tap-dancing. You climb up the dark, rickety stairs to the second floor, where

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you fumble around and at last find the bell. When you enter you enter not only the Monreal Academy, but the Monreal home.

The cross-eyed maid opens the door, and you walk into a narrow hall even darker than the stairs, where you always find two or three people practising while waiting their



turn in the rehearsal room. This leads right into Monreal's office, only slightly larger than the hall, but a little brighter, because the window opens on the street. The walls are lined with the photographs of all those who have ever been in the academy even for a brief time—and almost every singer and dancer has been there. In this small space Monreal, with his never-failing ingenuity, has managed to place two music cabinets filled with his 'original' compositions, about ten chairs, always occupied

## Café Brazil

by gossiping ladies, and a broad, flat desk, his sacred working-table.

Sliding-doors open on to a practice-room which a nine-by-twelve rug would scarcely fit. Cutting off to the right is a small alcove which contains a piano, a clothes-rack for costumes, and more chairs for doting mothers to sit on as they watch their daughters master the intricacies of the Charleston. Another narrow hall leads from this to the second practice-room, the same size as the first, but made smaller by the presence of a piano and chairs, for this room boasts no alcove. Right off this is the kitchen.

During the day a dancing academy; at night a dormitory. Mattresses are put on the floors of the two practice-rooms, and at meal-times a table is set up in one of them. Personal ablutions are performed in the kitchen sink, as there is no bathroom, just a toilet hidden in the broom closet. ▮

Who lives in this house? Monreal, Paquita his wife, Manolo his nephew, Josephina the maid, Chichi the dog, Pepe the cat, and a huge but nameless tortoise.

Monreal is round, chubby, about forty, and of an unfailing good humour. He teaches singing, composition, and the guitar—although he can't play this instrument himself—accompanies the pupils, and composes.

Paquita teaches the dancers, and teaches them everything she has ever seen. In her own right, being an Andalusian, she is a very good *flamenco* dancer, but the Warner Brothers' musicals have enlarged her *répertoire*. They have caused



## *Dancer in Madrid*

both her and Monreal to include jazz composition and tap-dancing on an equal footing with the classic Spanish routines. In fact, the pride of the academy is a young man affectionately titled "El Americano." This young Spaniard's interpretation of jazz would amaze any American, but he is a phenomenon to his admirers. He shakes his head, swaggers his body, licks his thumb, and rolls his eyes with so much vigour that one does not have time to watch his feet. This is just as well.

Paquita towers above her husband in stature, being large-boned and well-padded, a handsome, dark-eyed, swarthy woman. She is rather childlike, the *naïveté* of her disposition being so different from her domineering appearance.

Manolo is Monreal's nephew, but Paquita loves him as much as if he were her son. Her chief concern is that, though she feeds him rich and heavy foods, he gets thinner every day. Her concern is well-grounded. Manolo is almost wraith-like, but perhaps this is merely the flame of genius which consumes him. He yearns to follow in his uncle's footsteps as a composer, but meantime has to satisfy himself playing the piano in Practice Room Two when Monreal is playing in Room One.

Josephina is enchanted with her surroundings. She considers Paquita the greatest dancer in the world, Monreal the greatest composer, Manolo a real *señorito* (little gentleman), and all the pupils embryonic Argentinas. However, as far as singing is concerned, she has her reservations; for, as she told me, she has a very beautiful voice herself. If one day you should see a slender, cross-eyed young woman singing *Maria Jesus*, or the Monreal version of *Lookie*,

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*Lookie, Lookie, here comes Cookie*, you will know that Josephina has achieved her secret ambition.

Chichi is a mild, white-haired thoroughbred Spitz, who sits on top of the piano whenever Monreal plays, and in Paquita's lap when he doesn't. Pepe is a tyrant. He struts archly across Monreal's desk while Monreal composes, and across the floor when the pupils rehearse. The martyr of the household is the tortoise. Every one accidentally steps on him, as he lives in the kitchen and all the pupils dress and undress there. If some one remembers to put him up on top of the stove he is safe. His enormous shell is already caved in on one side and he has lost the sight of one eye.

Miguel had suggested that I study at Monreal's; when I went there I discovered that Rosario and Paquita were old friends, from the days when they had both made their *début* at Rosario's aunt's *café* in Paris. Paquita was only twelve then, but so dark and strong-featured that she always took the part of the man in their partnership.

Rosario used to go with me every day. Naturally Miguel had no need of Paquita's instruction. He just used the studio to prepare for our benefit performances.

As far as plans for the concert tour were concerned, I had avoided discussing them with Miguel because it meant leaving Jaime. If things went well Jaime hoped some day soon to open a branch office in New York. In that case dancing there would work out perfectly. But if Jaime remained in Spain I was determined to give up my tour. However, with everything so unsettled, Jaime did not yet know what he would do.

In the meantime Miguel and I were kept busy, dancing as often as five times a day at the benefits. When we

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worked this way it was sometimes eight-thirty or nine in the evening before we finished and I could see Jaime. To-day, however, there were no performances and I looked forward to meeting him at five. As I was dressing to leave the academy the telephone rang.

"For you, Janet," called Rosario.

It was Jaime.

After he had asked me how I was and how the day had been he said, "Janet."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I'm afraid I can't meet you. You'd better go right home."

"Home? Why?"

This was the third time this week he had disappointed me.

"Darling, I beg you to understand."

"I have tried to understand, but frankly I can't. After all, I know you're not rushed with business."

"I've told you—it's very important; you must know that I wouldn't do this if it weren't. Please go home and I'll call you later."

I was peeved.

"No, I don't feel like going home," I said.

"What are you going to do?"

At that moment I did not have the slightest idea. Then I remembered that Villatora had told me that he and a group of his friends met every evening at a certain *café* and had asked me to join them whenever I wished.

"I think I'll go to the Café Brazil. Villatora has often asked me to join him and the other correspondents there," I said.

"You know that I don't like you to see him. The less

## *Café Brazil*

you become involved with Spaniards these days the better."

"First of all, Jaime, I don't understand why you don't like Villatora. I find him very interesting. And secondly, I——"

He interrupted.

"Don't let's argue now, *mimo*. All I ask is that you please stay at home this evening. I insist upon it."

By the time we finished our argument nobody was left at the studio but Rosario and myself. Outside, I could not help complaining to her about what I felt was Jaime's neglect. I did not get more than a philosophical shrug from her, implying that men are all alike. She suggested that we go to a movie to cheer me up.

The nearest theatre happened to be the Capitol, right across from the Press Building. It is modelled after the Center Theatre in Radio City. When we came out two hours later I was still feeling low and decided to go home.

Passing the Press Building, we found Villatora standing guard at the door.

"You're just in time," he said. "I'm off duty now and am going over to the Petit Puits for dinner. Won't you join me?"

I hesitated, but before I could say anything Rosario accepted for both of us. On the way over he told us that the writers of Madrid considered themselves the god-fathers of this restaurant.

"It's run by two young men," he told us, "who used to be check boys in a very famous restaurant here, patronized by the literati." They had all watched them grow up, become waiters there, and finally, with their joint



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savings, open this little restaurant. They were doing very well because one of the boys even went so far as to marry the cook of the big restaurant. "Most of the *clientèle* have moved over along with the cook," he ended.

We walked down to the Puerta del Sol. Crossing it, we entered a minute passage-way with only three houses in it. One of these looked to be a third-class tavern, but upstairs was a simple but shinningly clean restaurant. Most of the tables were already filled, all with men. Rosario and I were the only women there.

As we sat down Villatora nodded to some one. Looking in that direction, I saw again the man with the green eyes. His clear, direct gaze met mine and he smiled in recognition.

"Who is that man?" I asked Villatora.

"José Maria—quite a remarkable man."

I learned that he was one of the leaders of the Militia of the Press, a man of great culture, and before the rebellion one of great means. He had always been an important liberal, and in this crisis had given all his wealth and dedicated his whole life to the cause of the people.

"He is a very significant figure," continued Villatora. "I can't tell you exactly what he does outside of his newspaper activities, but I do know that he is on very good terms with the various heads of the Government."

"And you, Señor Villatora? What did you do before? Were you always a playwright?"

"No. And please don't call me Villatora. My name is Angel."

Our food was served.

"There isn't much to tell"; and he went on to say that he was born into a rich landowner's family near Gra-

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nada. Most of the territory for miles around had belonged to his father. As a young boy he spent much of his time with the peasants who cultivated the land. Later he was sent to a Jesuit school, from which he ran away. When he came back home he was mature enough, he said, to see things more critically. Those things which had been only vague suspicions took definite shape in his mind. He told me that the people on his father's land were living under a practically feudal system, that they were hungry and oppressed, that they had no civil or legal rights. His father's influence was so strong, however, that they were helpless. The old man preferred to leave his wasteland uncultivated rather than allow them to try to eke out an existence, however miserable, from it. Everywhere Villatora went on all the properties of their friends he found the same conditions. He tried to discuss these matters with his father, make him see how unjust the system was, but this only led to a complete estrangement between them.

The only person whom he could influence at all with his ideas was his youngest brother, Roberto. Finally he left home and went to Barcelona, where he was fortunate enough to obtain, through his literary work, a situation with the best magazine there. Immediately he sent for Roberto, and they had lived together until six years ago, when Villatora came to Madrid.

"Naturally, during all this time we had devoted all our energy to combating these evils." He paused for a moment. "I have not seen my brother in these six years, but I hear of and from him constantly. He has gone much farther than I. Now he is the Minister of Education for Valencia."

As the Petit Puits was one of the many restaurants that

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did not serve coffee Villatora suggested we go to the Café Brazil in the Press Building when he had finished.

"That building certainly is terrific," I said. "On the ground floor there's a *café*; on the second a Spanish newspaper; on the third a motion-picture house; on the fourth a boarding-house; on the fifth the International News Service; on the sixth the business office of some movie company. But it's the top floor that's the bane of my existence. I know that up there is some secret, confidential branch of the Government. Maybe it was told me as a joke, but it seems that you are not supposed to go any higher than a certain floor. If you do, there are armed guards stationed on the top floor who shoot immediately if you don't give some sort of a password before the elevator even stops. As I'm so near-sighted, since then I've been in deadly fear that I might accidentally press the wrong button of the elevator."

Villatora laughed.

"I don't think you need worry. That's somewhat exaggerated."

As we reached the Café Brazil a young man in uniform, with a bandage round his head, got up from his table, one of some dozen on the pavement, and waved to Villatora. Villatora rushed over and they embraced.

"Man, when did you get out of the hospital?" he asked.

"This morning."

Villatora introduced him.

"I want you to meet one of my dearest friends, Carlos Rivera, a newspaper man who forsook the pen for a gun."

Drinking our coffee, we listened as he continued.

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"He's been badly wounded. The last time he went to the hospital, only ten days ago, they said he wouldn't be out for weeks. By the way, Carlos, how did you get out?"

Carlos grinned.

"You don't think they could keep me there. I'm going down to help retake Granada."

He was a slim, dark-skinned boy with dancing brown eyes. I felt that he was so anxious to be off and doing something that he could hardly sit on his chair for nervous energy.

"All of us here intend to go too," said Villatora.

"When do you expect it will be?" I asked.

"We hope the end of this week. How would you like to come along? Miss Riesenfeld writes for the American papers, Carlos."

"Really; and what do they think of all this over there?" Carlos asked, interested.

Before I could answer he was half-way across the terrace. He was greeting some one enthusiastically and receiving equally enthusiastic pats on the back. It was José Maria again.

"Is he following us or are we following him?" I asked Villatora. "We're always running into him."

José Maria seemed very popular. Already several groups were calling to him, and he waved to them all, smiling, but sat down at a table with two men who were so contrasting in type that I kept looking at them.

"That's Izcarray and Zimorra," said Villatora. "They are our two most prominent war correspondents. Izcarray is the tall one; he looks like one of your American gangsters. He and the little one are inseparable."

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Carlos came back in a moment, apologizing for his sudden exit.

"Say, Angel, José Maria's going too."

"I wish I could," I said.

"Why can't you?" asked Villatora.

"You know I'm dancing at a lot of benefits," I explained.

"Are you sure that's the only reason?"

At that moment we heard a crash. A woman screamed. Before the sound had even died away every man had jumped to his feet and every gun was drawn. The immediate reaction of these people proved to me that their unconcern and gaiety were of the thinnest veneer. Underneath they were tense.

There was a rush towards where the sound had come from. In the confusion several tables were overturned, and the noise of breaking glass was drowned in the excited voices of the men.

When the clamour ceased they all returned rather sheepishly to their tables.

"What was it?" I asked Villatora.

"A waiter dropped a wine-glass," he said.

Rosario burst out laughing. Villatora's face set in hard lines.

"There is nothing to laugh at," he said. "Only last week we were sitting inside this very *café* when a large limousine drew up and sprayed these outside tables with machine-guns."

His hands shook as he lighted a cigarette. And his eyes gleamed cold in the brief glare.

"And what are those shots that you hear in the night?" he continued. "Right in your own neighbour-

## *Café Brazil*

hood, everywhere, from thousands of innocent-looking homes. Have you become so used to it that you don't fear them any more? We haven't.



“They come from snipers, hiding and waiting behind drawn curtains, closed shutters, or shaded balconies, to shoot down any young man—even if he doesn't wear a

## Dancer in Madrid

uniform. They're not taking any chances that there will be one more to fight for the Government. Franco is carry-



ing on just as active a war in the city as outside. It is infested with spies, *canaille*, who are ready to betray the people. *Pobre de Madrid!* Do you know that the password for the Government has to be changed at least four times during the night? So extensive is Franco's spy system that we don't dare keep the same one more than a few hours."

As Villatora talked my attention was caught by something in the sky. It was a light! It flashed and went out and flashed again. I could not imagine where it came from. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to interrupt Villatora, but my gaze must have been so fixed that it distracted him. He clutched Carlos' arm.

"A parachute flare! They're trying to find a target!"

"It can't be one of ours," cried Carlos. "They——"

But before he could finish his sentence I heard for the first time the sickening thud of an air bomb as it strikes the ground. There was a silence, a moment of waiting. . . . Then suddenly the tension broke. Some of the women started sobbing hysterically. In a corner one began to moan, repeating over and over, "I'm afraid, so afraid. . . ." Others stood stunned, too frightened to move. There was a scream.

"Put out the lights!"

## Café Brazil

Trembling, we waited for the next explosion. It came—hollow and horrible. Again the intense silence, as if every one were holding his breath. Only the faint *whirr* of the motor sounded, deepening to a louder drone and then fading away in the distance.

"It's over," said Villatora; "they've gone away."

I looked around. Everything was black, empty; not a light in the city. Suddenly my legs gave way and I sat down. Then lights came on. Now that it was over the people began to yell. "Where did it fall?" cried some one.

From another corner, "*Gobernación!*" "No," another called back, "we would have felt it much more. It must have been the Ministry of War."

My first thought, Jaime! Where was he? Was he safe? I rushed to the telephone in the back of the *café* and tried to reach him at his office. No answer. At his *pension* they said he had not come in yet. Worried and afraid, I returned to our table.

"Were you very frightened?" José Maria's voice came from behind me. Villatora drew up a chair for him.

"She was very brave," he said.

"Didn't you see how calm she was?"

"I did," said José. "Almost as if she were used to it." He turned and smiled at me, and I told him that I had been too petrified to move.

Rosario volunteered, "After a while you get used to it. In Paris during the War they used to come night after night. When you have to rush down three and four times a night you forget the actual danger and feel only the inconvenience of it."





## *Dancer in Madrid*

"Well, this looks like the beginning for Madrid," said Villatora.

"It's been a very bad week." José Maria shook his head. "We are having to put up a desperate fight near Albacete. They are doing everything to cut our communications with Valencia."

"If they fail to do that they'll make a direct attack on Madrid," said Carlos.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, if they cut off both train and road communications, we won't be able to get any food and they hope to starve us out. But if they can't do that they must make a direct military charge."

The street lights had just come on again. Villatora looked at his watch. "Eleven o'clock," he said. "They will surely order the lights out by this time to-morrow."

"Certainly. They'll expect one raid after the other from now on," replied Carlos.

The others looked towards José as if expecting something from him. His face was terribly sad and grave; it had none of the cruelty that I had seen in Villatora's. The air of youth and vitality that had so impressed me was gone. He seemed suddenly old.

"I can't help thinking what a marvellous aid the darkness will be to our enemies inside the city," he said, pausing a moment. "Of course you know our friend Cuneda was killed last night."

José told how Cuneda and several other special agents had been sent to arrest a Fascist spy. They were taking their prisoner by car to the Dirección de Seguridad. It was about one o'clock in the morning and naturally the streets were very dark. When they were about to draw up to the

## *Café Brazil*

corner to give the password to a group of militia the prisoner jumped up shouting, "*Arriba España! Viva Franco!*" The militia, unable to distinguish the occupants of the car, expected to be attacked and emptied their guns into it, killing four of their own comrades. One of them was Cuneda.

As José finished telling this story Izcarray and Zimorra came up to the table. "Come on, José Maria, we are going to see where the bomb fell."

José introduced them and rose to take his leave.

"I hope I may see you again, Miss Riesenfeld." Then, to the others, "*Salud, camaradas.*"

Just as they walked away Jaime rushed up, pale and excited. When he heard my voice the colour returned to his face. "Are you all right, darling?" The questions came in a stream. "I thought I would find you here when I couldn't reach you at home. I was frantic." Now that he knew I was safe he seemed almost resentful to find me here. "Let me take you home now," he said.

Villatora stood up, awaiting an introduction. I presented Jaime, and Villatora asked him to join us.

"Thank you," he said briefly. "But we must be going."

Carlos and Villatora looked surprised; an invitation like this is seldom refused in Spain. Even if only for a moment, I felt that Jaime should have sat down and that he had been unnecessarily curt. However, I knew that he was overwrought.

"Very well. Come, Rosario." And excusing myself, I said good-night.

Villatora and Carlos bowed.

"*Hasta la vista, Janet,*" said Villatora; and after a

## *Dancer in Madrid*

moment's hesitation, "You're sure that you won't be able to go to Granada?"

I shrugged my shoulders, glancing quickly at Jaime.

As soon as we were in the street Jaime asked, "What did he mean by Granada?"

When I told him he burst out in a tone I had never known him to use with me before.

"You talk and act like a child. I told you not to go out to-night and you deliberately ignored it. I told you I didn't want you to be with these people and you ignore that too. You haven't the slightest idea of what is going on here. This isn't a play or a game. You walk around thinking that because you are a young girl, an American, you can do anything you want. To you it's probably all very interesting, but I refuse to allow those people to involve you in any way. Now please do as I say—don't see any of them again."

I was too tired and it was too late to start an argument. I simply told him that we would discuss it to-morrow. If he would give me one good reason why I should discontinue seeing these people, who to me were very interesting and sincere, I would listen.

When we arrived at the subway I said, "It's too late for you to take me home. I have Rosario."

He protested vehemently, possibly trying to make up for his tone of a few minutes ago. But I felt I would rather go home alone with Rosario. He must have realized that I was upset, for when I said good night he kissed me, for a moment holding me in his arms. "Please don't be angry, *nenilla mia*. I've been through a lot to-day."

"Good night, darling."

"Good night, *mimo*."

VIII

*A Trip to the Front*

*Cuando se corta una rama,  
El tronco siente el dolor;  
Las raíces lloran sangre,  
De luto viste el flor.*

When a branch is cut,  
The trunk feels the pain;  
The roots weep blood,  
The bloom is in mourning.

CANTO FLAMENCO

EVIDENTLY Jaime must have felt as badly as I did about the mood in which we had parted the night before, for the next morning he came to my apartment before going to his office. He asked if I had suffered any ill-effects from the shock of the preceding evening, at the same time volunteering to escort me to my dancing lesson. I knew that this was merely a pretence; he could have used the telephone. But I was too glad to have him there to say anything.

We set out after breakfast with the intention of going about our respective duties and meeting later on for dinner, but by the time we arrived downtown I felt that any sort of business would be out of place. The day was unusually beautiful. It was one of those days that sometimes come at the end of summer, that do not belong to any season and yet seem to combine the qualities of each. All during the week it had been oppressively hot, but now a fresh breeze had come. The sky was without a cloud and even the haze that often hangs over Madrid had gone. When

## *Dancer in Madrid*

we arrived at the entrance of the academy Jaime stopped me.

"You're so crazy about everything Spanish," he said. "Why don't you act like a Spaniard?"

I didn't understand what he meant.

"Forget your work to-day," he went on. "You don't want to go in there."

I smiled. "If you'll forget you're a Catalan and not go to your office——?"

"We'll spend the whole day together." He took my arm. We left the academy entrance and walked down towards the Gran Via. He began to plan the day.

"I know exactly what we'll do. We'll manage even in these times to celebrate. First we will go to the Miami for a vermouth because they still serve salted almonds there, which you like. Then, instead of going to Marichu's, I'll take you to the Casa Concha because to-day they are serving *callos*, which I like. Then we'll go to Molinero's for pastry, and we'll wind up at the Aquarium Café for our coffee."

By the time we arrived at the Aquarium we were in such high spirits that everything struck us as being hilariously silly. We were giggling over the smallest incidents. Jaime ordered coffee and I had a chance to look around. Reflected in the huge mirrors that panelled the wall, hundreds of goldfish gawked at us from their tremendous watertanks. Jaime told me that the Aquarium was one of the smartest *cafés* in Madrid, and of all the places I had seen it seemed the most modern. A young man with a tray full of odds and ends came up to the table. He had one package of chewing-gum, and, seeing my American arm-band, he would not let me alone. He argued that

## *A Trip to the Front*

there was no Spaniard who chewed gum and that if I didn't take it probably no one ever would.

In the middle of our joking a group of *milicianos* sat down at the next table. I noticed that one of them had a gauze pad that covered his chin, and that he kept covering his mouth with his hand. We went on joking, but the next time I looked over the *miliciano* had removed his gauze bandage. His chin and the upper part of his mouth were raw, festering flesh. The pus oozed out like perspiration. Overcome with nausea, I hastily excused myself and rushed to the rest-room. Sobered, I returned to the table where Jaime was waiting for me. Without saying anything he led me over to the bar and ordered an anise.

"Here, drink this," he commanded. "It'll make you feel better."

"Thank you."

"It wasn't as bad as it looked. That's just an infection. Many of the soldiers at the front have it."

I drank the anise quickly and we went out into the street. I felt a little better.

"Come on, don't think about it any more," said Jaime. "Where would you like to go?"

"Is it far to the Cuartel de la Montaña? I'd like to see it."

"All right, if you wish. But there's nothing to see there. What you will like is the Bombilla, and we can pass the Cuartel on our way there."

The tramcar took us past the old Opera House, swung right past the Royal Palace, and stopped at the foot of the hill which leads to the Cuartel de la Montaña. There was nothing to remind me of the bloody July 20th, except a

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few holes in the concrete walls and the heaps of broken stones at the foot of the stairs.

Climbing past the Cuartel, we reached the edge of the plateau. We stopped and looked down on the endless dry plain; directly opposite, across the Manzanares river, lay the Casa del Campo. If Jaime had not told me it was the Manzanares I would not have noticed it. It is no more than a dry river-bed most of the time. We started to walk down the shaded avenue of the Paseo de San Vicente. Beautiful private homes lined the right side. Soon we arrived at a little round plaza, in the centre of which there was a pavilion. Jaime told me that before the revolution a band played there twice a week. In this plaza, which jutted out over the edge of the plateau, were tables where refreshments were usually served. We sat down at one, though now there was no one to serve us a drink.

As we looked out over the arid landscape of Castilla Jaime turned and said, "When this is all over, *mimo*, I want to show you the rest of Spain. There are so many places that would interest you. Certainly I'll have to take you to Seville for the Feria, where the gipsies reign supreme, where no one goes to bed for a week, and one goes from one carousal to another. If you had been here in April we could have gone."

Miguel had spoken to me about the Feria. During this festival every man wears a short velvet jacket and the wide *córdobez* hat. The jacket is heavily ornamented with gold and silver. Many of the women come in gipsy costume, flowered skirts and blouses. The ranchers come on horses with studded saddles, and the women sit on the back of the horse with one arm round the neck of the rider. All the greatest dancers, guitarists, and *flamenco*

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singers flock to Seville during this week. Prizes are given to the best performers in each of these fields. A prize is also offered for the best new *Sevillana* composed. (The *Sevillana* is the dance of Seville; danced by two people, it has seven parts, the traditional steps never varying. Only the most highly trained ear, however, could tell the difference between a new *Sevillana* and those of former years.)

I asked Jaime if he would like to live in Seville.

"Seville?—no. It is very picturesque, nice for a week or so; but if in Madrid it's hard to accomplish anything, you may as well decide to take a *siesta* for the rest of your life if you live in Andalusia. If I can't realize my ambition to open a branch in New York I'm afraid we'll have to live in Madrid—for the first year or so, anyway."

"You seem to find that so unpleasant. Personally I love it here—anywhere in Spain. Don't you like to live here?"

"Of course I like Spain," he said, a trifle indignantly. "I love it. But I feel that in the last few years Spain has lost its glamour. It will never be the same." He looked thoughtful. "But glamour or no glamour, we could become a great industrial country with the proper discipline. It would take no time to have the machines and real progress if we had a small and efficient group to run things. What we need more than anything else in Spain is efficiency."

We got up and walked towards the Bombilla. The Bombilla was originally a *café*—the word means electric light bulb. This little *café* was the first in Madrid to have a big electric light bulb lighting the entrance. It caused such admiration and wonder that people came from all over Madrid to see it. Finally its initial name of Juanito's



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Café was changed to the Café Bombilla. Later the whole district around the *café*—the other garden *café*s, the parks, and *plazas*—was included in the name.



It was very pleasant walking here, where the mellow, gay Madrid of the nineteenth century used to promenade. As Jaime told me all this it seemed to me I could hear the sound of mazurkas, schottisches, and romantic airs, and could imagine the gallant gentlemen with their silk hats, canes, and flowing capes; the women with their mantillas, lace mittens, and fluttering fans. A *miliciano* passed by, his arm around his sweetheart. Forgotten were the demands of the revolution, and he seemed totally unaware of the effect of the gun strapped to his waist. In the stillness only a motor-car whirring by with a

Red Cross flag or the letters of some *comité* painted on its radiator brought one back to the present.

The sun was already low when Jaime and I turned to go back to the city. We were all alone—even the solitary *miliciano* and his sweetheart had long since departed. Now not even a motor-car went by. Jaime took me in his arms.

"Let's not go back yet, *mimo*," he said, caressing my cheek and kissing my hair. "We'll watch the lights

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come over the city. I want to stay here like this alone with you."

"I wish we could have every day of our lives together like this, as perfect as this one has been, darling." He took my chin in his hand, brushing my mouth gently with his fingertips.

"*Mimo*," he whispered, "I want nothing in this world but you. Nothing. Do you understand?"

His arms were around me once more, closing out the mild sweet night, the city at our feet, the trees against the sky.

In the week that had passed I had seen my new friends a number of times and Jaime had made no objection.

Now I was waiting for Villatora. The day before he had telephoned to ask if I wanted to go with José and the others to a near-by front. There would be no danger, he said, as we would stop at the hospital base and I would stay there while the men went on to the actual fighting lines.

I had not told Jaime I was going. For one thing, I had not seen him that evening, and for another, I knew he would oppose it. Rosario was a little worried about my safety, but when Villatora arrived he assured her it would be all right.

This was the first time he had been to my apartment and he looked round with interest. "How do you think this compares with your American apartments?" he asked.

"Well, it has much more individuality than those at home that you find for this price," I said. "Even if the furniture's falling apart, I like it. But, of course, the

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conveniences here would be found only in the backwoods in America. However, for the price, I think it's very nice."

"May I ask what you pay?"

"Two hundred and fifty pesetas a month."

"You mean two hundred and fifty pesetas for two months—the first and the last one that you live here?"

"No; I paid five hundred pesetas when I moved in."

"Some one's been taking advantage of you, maybe because you're an American. All apartments in this class have had their rents cut in half by official order since the first part of August. Who is your landlord?"

"It's a landlady—and a very handsome woman, too, even if she does use a little too much make-up."

"What's her name?"

"Rafaela Aguirre."

He frowned, as though trying to remember something.

"Rafaela Aguirre. Some time in the last few days I've heard it mentioned—I can't remember where. Anyhow, you've paid for four, not for two, months. We'll take care of this for you."

"Thanks, Angel." I excused myself to get my hat and coat, and when I came back I found him examining a number of coloured costume designs of mine which were hanging on the wall. One of the figures was dressed in a court costume like those of Goya and held a fan.

"If you would accept them, Janet," he said, "I have two exquisite fans I should like to give you. They are about two hundred and fifty years old and so beautiful that I know you could use them effectively in one of your dances."

"When are you going to bring them?" asked Rosario. Villatora smiled.

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"The next time I come. And I'll also bring something for you."

Her face lit up.

"What?"

Evidently he had not expected to be asked so abruptly. He thought quickly.

"A *de luxe* edition of my works."

It was a good thing Villatora turned to put his coat on, for Rosario made a face at me and whispered in French, "I'd rather have a tin of pineapple."

Pineapple was to Rosario what sweets are to a child. Every time I went downtown I brought her a tin, and she was as delighted as if I had given her the most lavish present.

It was a fine September morning, warm yet fresh. As we walked towards the farther end of the Diego de Leon subway station we passed an old lady with a melon stand. She nodded and smiled.

"In case you don't know, Angel, this lady is known as the melon queen of Madrid. Her melons are not only the largest, but the very best." I said this loud enough for her to hear, and she drew herself up proudly and bowed to Villatora.

To the right of the subway entrance was a huge red-brick building with a wide sunken courtyard a few feet below the level of the street. I had always meant to ask Rosario about it, but forgot to.

"What is that building?" I asked Villatora.

"It used to be one of the largest Jesuit schools in Madrid. Now it's been requisitioned and is a prison."

"There's something else I've wanted to know. I've thought that for such a seemingly innocuous neighbour-

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hood I hear a great many shots round here at night. Most of them are isolated snipers, I imagine. But there's one thing I don't understand—sometimes it wakes me up about five in the morning: it sounds like a volley from a firing squad, and then there's a pause, and directly afterwards one sharp shot."

"It is a firing squad," he said calmly, "and that one shot is the *coup de grâce*. What you hear probably comes from this very prison. The executions are usually performed about five o'clock."

I didn't say anything until we were seated in the subway.

"Have you ever witnessed an execution?" I asked.

His face was as cold and cruel as I had seen it that night in the *café*.

"Many. I go very often," he said. "I have no pity, no emotion as far as these people are concerned. You see, in each prisoner I don't see a man, but an agent of a fierce, destructive force. In each one that falls I see the saving of not one, but many hundreds of our people."

The subway stopped at Principe de Vergara, a station half-way to our destination. Among the new passengers was a handsome woman of about forty-five with two young boys, all of them dressed poorly and carrying travel-worn suitcases. They sat down opposite us and I forgot all about them. The fact that they were carrying luggage did not seem unusual to me; people were always moving in from the evacuated villages on the outskirts of the city.

Just before our station Villatora pressed my arm. "Just step out by yourself, Janet. Wait for me on the platform."

From the platform I watched him. He crossed over to

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the woman, picked up one of her bags, and signalled for her and the boys to follow. She was deathly pale and protested as he drew her aside.

I heard him say in a low voice, "There's nothing for you to be frightened about, señora. This may all be a mistake, but it's just a little precaution. Would you mind stepping in here a moment with your sons?"

They entered a small control room. Through the glass I could see her resigned face and Villatora's back, bent over the luggage. The boys stood there quietly. When Villatora straightened up I saw his bitter profile as he looked at the woman. Her face seemed stricken and her body drooped near to collapse. The boys looked at each other desperately. Villatora motioned to a guard to watch them, and went to the telephone. Returning, he addressed a few words to them, and they nodded mutely. He came right out to me.

"We'll have to stay here a few minutes, Janet."

"What's happened?"

"The bags that those three are carrying are full of munitions."

"But what made you suspect it? I didn't see anything unusual about them."

"Nor did I," he said. "It was quite by accident. I just happened to be staring at their bags and the labels caught my eye. I was trying to make them out, quite casually, when I noticed that they came from the most expensive hotels of Seville, San Sebastian, and Nice. It seemed strange to me. The poverty of their dress was obvious. It didn't go with these signs of wealth. Although my suspicions weren't definite, I thought it would be best to make sure."

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"What are you going to do with them?"

"The militia will take care of them. I've just called."

He paused. "You see, Janet, how careful we must be."

Six soldiers rushed down the steps. Villatora explained briefly and pointed to the three inside. We left immediately and walked out to the Calle de Peligros side. This short street connects the Calle de Alcalá with the Gran Vía and looks like one of the many business streets in the centre of the town.

"What a funny name!" I said. "Why is it called the Street of Danger?"

Villatora laughed.

"I don't know its origin, but the name is fitting enough." He glanced towards a group of smartly dressed, heavily rouged young women, talking vivaciously and joking with the *milicianos* who passed. "There may be more danger in this street for the soldiers than there is at the front."

"I see. I have noticed a lot of women here all the time, but I always thought they were more apt to come out at night."

"Times have changed," he said, smiling. "Thirty years ago these women were forbidden to make their appearance on the streets before two-thirty in the morning. In those days the Puerta del Sol was, even more than now, the heart of the city. Just before two-thirty it was always as jammed as your Times Square must be at noon. It was understood that all respectably married men took their wives home before this hour. Probably most of them came back later to join the young gallants. As you know, most of the main streets of Madrid eventually lead into the Puerta del Sol. At two-thirty sharp alluring ladies

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streamed down from every one of these to this Mecca. In true Madrileño fashion the waiting men used to say, '*Que vienen las palomitas*'—'They are coming, the little doves.' "

José, Izcarray, and Zimorra were standing next to a motor-car in front of the Press Building.

"Glad you could come," José said to me as he helped me in. It was Villatora's turn to stand guard, so he could not accompany us. The four of us set out.

We turned right off the Cibeles, down the Paseo del Prado. As we passed the famous Prado Museum I asked José Maria if they were worried about the art treasures.

"The Government has already taken care of them. They've been removed to a place of safety. Unfortunately a great number of them have been taken out of Spain. Many of the paintings were in private collections and the owners smuggled them out at the beginning of the rebellion."

I couldn't help but think how much of Spain would be destroyed, and told him so.

"Every Spaniard feels the same way," he said. "That's why the Government hesitated to attack such a place as the Alhambra. Franco and his men realized that too. That's why they take every opportunity they have of barricading themselves in historic strongholds. They know that we will avoid such destruction as long as possible."

"What about the Alcázar? "

I had been reading for the past week that the Government had been intending to blow it up, but for some reason had not done so.

"It's not just a matter of blowing up the Alcázar."



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José shook his head. "You see, there are women and children in there—our women and children. When the Fascists decided to take refuge they took with them their own families, and in addition they managed to capture the wives and children of two hundred of our men. It would be too much to ask that we kill the families of our comrades. We have pleaded with those shameless traitors, those cowards, to send out all the women and children, and have guaranteed their safety. We have even sent in their own priest to beg them to release our women and children, whom they are using as hostages, and their own, whom they are using for their protection. You can see it is impossible for us to regard these men as Spaniards. No Spaniard would take refuge behind a woman's skirt, using a defenceless child as a shield. He would have a love, a care, for his land and his country—not a desire for its annihilation. The Spanish people have many faults, many failings, but one thing which no one has ever denied us is our courage and our sense of honour."

As we drove through the village every one stopped and waved, giving the Loyalist salute. In the middle we drew up for petrol.

"How long do you think this will last?" I asked.

"Until we win," said José Maria.

"I mean, how long as far as time is concerned?"

"Four, five months—maybe a year," José said speculatively.

"Think how many lives are being lost! Can't there be any compromise?" I asked.

"How can there be any compromise when a whole people has been attacked? Not only has the Government been attacked, but the country as well."

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“ But do you feel sure that the people with whom you are fighting are united? ”

He turned and directed all his attention to me.

“ Miss Riesenfeld, last February a Government was elected in Spain. It was what you would call a democratically elected Government. For the first time in our history our people were able to give expression to their wishes. It doesn't seem possible that a country surrounded by such civilized nations as France and England could have remained as Spain has so much within its own frontiers as to be almost untouched by the progress of the world since the days of Philip II. When I say untouched by progress I don't mean the external manifestations of electricity, wireless, radio, but the liberation that comes with freedom of speech, the privilege of education, and the rights of man. The conditions in Spain were of an absolutely feudal nature. The land belonged to the Church and private landowners. The Church has become a heavier and heavier burden on the people. There is one priest for every nine hundred persons, whereas in Italy, the seat of the Catholic Church, there is only one priest for every twenty thousand. It was not only a great religious force, but an active political power.

“ And, also, there has never been an army in the world which demanded so large a portion of the national income. The officers practically formed a caste system. We had eight hundred generals more than you have in America, a country forty times as large; there was one officer to every nine soldiers. You speak of compromise. When the first Republic was elected in 1931 it demanded not that the cultivated land but that the wasteland be rented out to the peasants, itself guaranteeing to pay the rent; and yet

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this met only with refusal. One of the Government's major platforms at that time was education.

"I don't want to confuse you with too much detail of the difficulties which we encountered between 1931 and 1936. Suffice it to say that last February the people of Spain, almost to a man, voted for a liberal democratic form of government. There was so much to be done, we were so anxious to give the people what we had promised, this time without any compromise, that we overlooked the small minority of enemies. We knew from past experience that we could expect no help or sympathy from the wealthy and military classes, but we had no need to fear these people. We had with us our defence, the whole Spanish people; but on July 18 we began a fight not only for the Government, but for all Spain. To-day we are fighting to keep Spain in the hands of Spaniards. We're fighting Moors, Italians, and Germans. The Moors have been promised territory in Spain, the Italians are to have Mallorca and the Balearic Islands, and Germany is to control our raw materials and have the Canary Islands for a naval base."



By this time we had arrived at our destination. The village was bustling with activity, trucks were being unloaded with medical and food supplies, and we saw a small battalion marching through the streets towards the front. José Maria told me that the front was less than a mile away, and that he, Zimorra, and Izcarray were going up, but that he did not want to take me. They would

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be back in an hour, and in the meantime I could look around. They introduced me to a young soldier and said he would take care of me and show me through the hospital.

The hospital was a very simple building, no different from any other in the street. Inside it had evidently been adapted for practical medical purposes. We passed through to the end of the ground floor and into a long ward. It was very crude, the walls having been recently whitewashed. A dozen beds lined each side. In each a wounded soldier was lying silently. Some lay as though dead, others gazing ahead with eyes extinguished, as though a light had left them. As I walked by each bed it seemed I was looking at faces from which El Greco might have drawn his Christs, pale and thin, each heavily bearded. The last bed in the corner had a screen round it. The sound of voices from within was the only thing that broke the silence. As I went nearer I could see a nurse bending over the bed; from her lips came words of sympathy:

*"Calmate hijito. Está bien—Niño, no te pones así a dormir——"*

*"Peter—look out—those bastards—it's coming—Peter—Peter——"*

I stopped suddenly as I recognized the English. The nurse was speaking again. She was a young, dark-haired girl; ordinarily you would call her very plain, but in that moment, bending over the delirious man, her whole face was transfigured. Tears were in her eyes. Perhaps she would not have allowed herself this weakness for one of her own to whom she could at least have offered the consolation of understanding his words and answering them;

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but here she saw herself impotent before the barrier of a language she could not understand. She probably realized that he had not needed words or the knowledge of her language to make him understand the cause for which her people were fighting and come and offer his life for it, and yet at this moment she was powerless to offer him the little



comfort that a few intelligible words might have given him.

I turned to the young soldier with me and asked if I could help. He nodded gratefully, and called the nurse. In a few words I explained to her that the young man was speaking English, which was my native tongue.

“Perhaps, if I speak to him . . . ?”

“Yes, yes, please. . . .”

She took my arm and led me to the side of the bed.

“What is he saying?” she asked in Spanish.

I told her that as far as I could make out he was calling a name and warning this person against some danger.

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The young man had not ceased his muttering, and now he was growing more excited.

"Who is Peter?" I asked the nurse in Spanish.

"It must be his brother. The two were brought in together."

She opened a little drawer of the table by the side of the bed and showed me two documents of identification.

"Where is Peter?"

"He died almost as soon as they brought him in," replied the nurse.

Not knowing exactly what I could do, I sat down on a chair that some one had placed by the side of the bed. I could not see much of the man's face as his head was bandaged and he had a beard, but I judged him to be quite young. I don't remember what I said, but I kept repeating that Peter was all right and that he would see him soon. He continued incoherently, not listening. I reached over and took his hand, glancing again at the identification on the table.

"John—you must listen to me. John—I want to tell you about Peter. Peter is all right."

After a while he stopped mumbling. Over and over again I said the same thing. Finally he quieted down, only muttering an occasional broken sentence. Later he fell asleep, his hand still in mine. I had not noticed how much time had passed until I looked up and saw José Maria standing at the foot of the bed. Gently I disengaged my hand, stood up, and left in silence.

As we went down the steps a woman *miliciana* was being helped up by two *milicianos*.

I saw this young man three or four times when he was later moved to a convalescent home in Madrid. He and

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his brother had come from England to aid the Loyalist Government. They had both been working in a tin-plate



factory, and with the support given by their trade union had come to Madrid in the second week of the rebellion. It was his brother Peter who had always taken the initiative, and John had gone with him more because there had seemed nothing else to do than because of any particular political sentiments. But after he had been in Madrid and up at the

front he had begun to realize the spirit and courage of the people and was glad that he had come to Spain. Two weeks before I left Madrid he came to see me and said that he was going up to the front again.

By the time we reached my apartment and had made our good-byes it was after six—almost dark. Jaime was waiting for me. One look at his face told me that I would have been wiser to have told him where I was going. He evidently knew from Rosario that I had been at the front and waited for me to speak.

“I’ve been to the front,” I began.

“With whom?”

“José Maria, Izcarray, and Zimorra.”

“It’s not enough that you go out with one man—you must go out with three.”

“Jaime, what are you talking about?”

“How would you feel if I went out with another woman?”

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"It was a chance to go to the front—I didn't know you'd take it this way."

"What way? What other way is there to take it? After all, you're in Spain now. You're going to be my wife and you spend all your time with other men. And such men!"

"What do you mean—such men? What's wrong with them?"

"We won't argue about that now," he said.

"But let's argue about it now. You say 'such men.' Then it isn't that you mind my going out with other men; it's just that you don't like these. If it were some one you liked it would be perfectly all right, I suppose. At least I tell you who I'm going with. Day after day you break appointments with me and I never know where you are!" I had spoken myself into anger.

"Janet, I've told you repeatedly that this is serious business——"

I interrupted him. "That may be, but I think the woman whom you love so much and with whom you're going to share your life has a right to know what you do."

"That's beside the point. You simply don't understand."

"You've said that to me so often. Why shouldn't I understand? What is there that I can't understand? Am I a child?"

"Yes, precisely, you are a child. It's impossible to talk to you like a grown-up."

By that time I was furious, and I simply shouted back, "Then go and talk to a grown-up woman."

He paled visibly, grabbed the door-knob, and without a word went out.



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After two hours of trying to see Jaime's viewpoint I gave in and called him. I didn't feel that Jaime was right or justified in his attitude, but I felt that jealousy probably distorted his outlook.

"Hello. Jaime?"

"Yes, Janet?"

"I'm sorry, darling."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. Besides, that isn't enough. The issue still exists."

"Please don't be angry now. All right, if you feel that way I won't see these people again."

But that night, even after apologizing to Jaime, I could not fall asleep. The day's experiences kept running through my mind: José's words, the English boy, the expression on the nurse's face as she sought to soothe him, the young men marching towards the front. Then a whole series of kaleidoscopic impressions since I had come to Spain: the man at Port-Bou, the station in Barcelona, and finally the night of the first air raid. My thoughts went back to Jaime: my arrival in Madrid, every moment we had spent together, the day in the Bombilla, Jaime's words, and last night's argument.

The more I thought the more confused I became. Why should Jaime and I have any discord at all between us? Something was creeping into our relationship, was threatening us—I didn't know what. If it had been something personal I could have put my finger on it—I could have combated it. But this we had not even put into words. The longer I thought about it the more I realized that it was not a matter of mere jealousy on Jaime's part, nor was it the personal dislike of these men that made him so insistent. Just as it was not my personal feeling that

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made me refuse to give them up. As individuals, they meant nothing to me as compared to Jaime. I thought of his attitude when he presented me to his friends, many of them young men. There was never the slightest jealousy. Only the people I had picked out had aroused such furious protest. Why? Other thoughts crept into my mind: his insistence that particular night that I should not go to the *café*, the cable he had sent me almost five months before, telling me not to come, and now his continual mysterious absences which he would not explain.

Every time I tried to dismiss the whole thing and put my thoughts elsewhere I was brought back by the isolated *pacos* of the snipers' pistols. At last, towards daybreak, I fell asleep, as confused as when I had gone to bed.

## IX

### *The Last Week in September*

*Los hombres que vos matais gozan de buena salud.*

The men whom you kill enjoy good health.

ALARCON

DURING the next week a growing tension was noticeable in Madrid. Already, in the latter part of September, people seemed more aware of the fact that Madrid was in the middle of a revolution and that Franco and Mola were directing all their efforts to reach the gates of the city. It was said the Guadarrama and Córdoba fronts were worse than any during the World War. In Madrid the report was that three hundred and fifty thousand men had fallen in the Loyalist defence.

Toledo had been taken, but the Alcázar still remained



in the hands of the Rebels; the people were becoming impatient of the repeated promise that the Alcázar would fall within the next few days. The Loyalists had gone so far as to mine under the fortress, but no commander could bring himself to order the blowing up of the wives and children of his own soldiers. In Granada the situation was unchanged. They

still had not been able to enter. After two weeks of fighting Irun, the French frontier, had fallen into the

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hands of the Rebels. Finally the papers announced that the Alcázar had been taken, but I knew through Izcarray and Zimorra that this was not true. A very small part of the building had been blown up only after a warning had been given so that the women and children could be moved from the danger zone. Soon after this announcement the Rebels arrived, numerous and heavily armed, and drove the ill-equipped Loyalists out of Toledo.

The chief difficulties of the Government were the lack of arms and the lack of organization. There were few rifles and virtually no artillery; for weapons the Loyalist troops were dependent very often on no more than nail-driven boards and the few arms they could capture in a counter-attack against the Rebels. At the front the commanding officers would stand and debate, arguing as to how many unarmed men they could have in their first-line trenches. Day after day tightly packed trucks would return to Madrid with soldiers so exhausted that as they passed in the streets you could see them slumped over one another asleep.

The same lack of efficient leadership that prevailed at the front was evident in the Government. One of the chief evils which the Loyalists had to combat during the first weeks was the indiscriminate execution of political enemies. When the Government made an arrest the prisoners were taken to the Dirección General de Seguridad, the official police headquarters. There they were given a hearing, and if they could prove their complete innocence they were released.

But the party committees, the Anarcho-Syndicalists—the Socialists, the Communists, the Anarchists, and the Left Republicans—kept taking power which they did not

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really possess into their own hands and were the cause of most of the promiscuous killing.

Anyone who had a spite or a grudge against some one else would write a letter to his particular party committee accusing his enemy of some political treason. In the beginning, resentful and suspicious, distrusting every one, without any investigation of the charge, the committees would go to the house of the unfortunate suspect and in American gangster fashion "take him for a ride."

So despite the efforts of the Government the number of bodies found in deserted fields and in the streets in the morning increased day by day to such an extent that they were too numerous to keep in the morgue for identification. Pictures were taken of the dead and kept in a special department of the Dirección, where relatives and friends went day after day to shuffle fearfully the latest collection of photographs.

I saw one of these tragedies in my own apartment house. On the floor above lived a couple with nine children. The father had been a former petty official in the post office, but for some unexplained reason had lost his position soon after the outbreak. One afternoon his wife burst into my apartment. Terribly distraught, she asked if I would allow her to use my telephone—all public 'phones had been disconnected. Naturally I permitted her; I was the only one who had a telephone in the house and all my neighbours used it.

On the 'phone she asked for the Commissariat of Chamberi. From her conversation we gathered what had happened. Two men had appeared fifteen minutes before, asking for her husband. Briefly they announced that they were to escort him to the Commissariat of Chamberi.

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The wife had insisted upon some identification. The men blusteringly declared that their word was good enough, but as she persisted they flashed some sort of a badge before her eyes, yet not giving her time to inspect it.

The terrified woman realized that the life of her husband was in danger. The men tried to quiet her, assuring her that the Commissariat only wanted her husband to identify one of his ex-employees. But she was not satisfied and rushed down to my telephone.

Before she could get any satisfaction from the Chamberi her daughter tore open the door, screaming, "They're taking him! They're taking him!"

We all rushed out, just in time to get a glimpse of the man being forced into a car. The car verified all our suspicions. It had no identification of any sort, bearing neither the banner nor initials of any organization. We barely had time to note the licence number before the car sped away.

The wife ran back to the telephone. Again connected with the Commissariat, she was informed that they knew nothing of the arrest. Frantically the woman told them what had happened, and they assured her they would do everything they could. Not satisfied with this, she immediately got in touch with her brother-in-law, an official in the Dirección de Seguridad. Through his influence the Government for five days tried to find her husband, even throwing a cordon round the city at daybreak, the time when most of the victims were taken out into the fields to be shot, but they were too late. When her husband was finally found she, like many others, was shown his picture.

The only thing that could explain the killing of this very inoffensive man was a personal grudge. Having so

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many mouths to feed—his wife and nine children—he had tried to earn what few pesetas he could by taking on the extra work to be done in his department. Some of his subordinates, not satisfied with his dismissal, carried their grudge so far as to desire his death.

Such incidents forced the Government to pass a law refusing to accept any anonymous accusations and demanding that the accuser appear in person to prove the veracity of his statements. If their accusations proved false they paid with their own lives. This order immediately stopped a great deal of the wanton killing. The Government, further to check this lawlessness, issued a warning that no one could be arrested except by order of the Dirección. Suspects had the right to demand the complete identification of whoever came to detain them.

As the weeks went by the newspapers and radio reports kept repeating that there was "nothing new" on any of the near-by fronts, to hide the defeat of the Loyalist troops. The Rebels drew nearer to Madrid, and their agents within the city, emboldened, went so far as to carry on their sniping in broad daylight. In the whole city there was a lack of order and discipline. The cars seemed to rush through the streets without any regard for human life. There was a rumour that President Anzaña was terrified and was being held in Madrid by force. It was only the *moral* of the people which carried them through these chaotic weeks.

Not until the second week of October, when the Government went to Valencia and left in its stead the Junta, was order established. As slowly as chaos had crept into the city so rapidly was it dispelled. Overnight the talent and energy that had been spent in hectic waste were

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put to a constructive use out of which emerged a unified government body. The Junta had complete control of Madrid and its war fronts. It was made up of important members of each of the committees and was headed by a routined disciplinarian, General Miaja. This very clever move, giving definite government functions to all the committees, soon rid them of their different petty hostilities. For the first time they felt a united responsibility. One of the immediate advantages was the end of the lawless killing. Measures were taken, which should have been taken long before, placing Madrid under martial law; and at this time seemingly insurmountable difficulties, which certainly could never have been overcome by an unorganized Government, were solved with incredible efficiency.

Although there had been no more bombs dropped on the city, the Rebels' 'planes still flew over, black and ominous, relieved only by a white swastika. Signs reading "Refuge for 100" or "Refuge for 50," according to their respective capacities, appeared on many of the buildings. These 'planes, which we saw every day, were on their way to bomb the outlying villages. Hundreds of families began moving into the city, appearing in the streets with donkeys weighted down with children and household equipment, some even leading cows and goats. Not an apartment was allowed to be vacant in Madrid. Those that were unoccupied were reported to the evacuation committee; there homeless families were immediately installed. Having little practical equipment, the newly installed families would go from one apartment to the other, receiving donations for their first meal. One family



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would give oil, another bread, and so on—every one giving what he could spare.

Flying over the city, 'planes dropped innumerable leaflets urging the people of Madrid to surrender immediately. Franco promised that if the city surrendered he would "walk into Madrid without shedding a drop of blood."

All day long you could see men rushing on motor-cycles through the streets, blowing their sirens to announce the arrival or departure of the 'planes. There was one central siren on the top of the post-office building. When a 'plane crossed the Loyalist lines towards Madrid a warning was wired to the post-office station. Immediately this huge siren sounded all the motor-cyclists took their cue from it and sped through the city, dressed in their dark outfits and riding with grim faces and hunched shoulders.

After the first few days the Madrileño refused to be seriously disturbed by all this. Even later he defied danger to such an extent that the Government came out with editorials, such as,

DEAR PEOPLE OF MADRID, BRAVE AND HEROIC :

The Government admires you for your courage, your glorious defiance of the enemy, but at the same time it is the wisest thing to take heed of the warnings. The Government asks you please to take refuge when the sirens blow. Again we repeat, valiant people of Madrid, the Government appreciates your fearlessness. . . .

Ironically enough, though we were warned day after day by leaflets showered down from the sky, when the first destructive death-laden missile fell it was unheralded. It was about four o'clock of a grey, cloudy afternoon—the kind of day on which we would console ourselves

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by saying, "They won't come to-day: it's bad flying weather." The enemy 'plane flew at such a height that the sound was not registered as it passed the front lines and its approach was uncommunicated.

I was about to cross the Plaza Callao when a deafening explosion threw me off my feet. Only half a block away, in one of the little streets that lead into the square, a bomb had fallen. A line of forty women and children had formed a queue the length of the street waiting for milk. Stunned for a moment, I suddenly felt myself carried along by the surge of people rushing to the scene. We came to the head of the street—a street so narrow that it seemed impossible that a bomb could have fallen into it. I didn't want to



look, but when I forced myself, thinking I might be of some help, anything I might have imagined was nothing compared to the sight which met my eyes. No one could offer any help to what was left. When the ambulance arrived only ten of the forty could be taken away on stretchers; the rest were shovelled up.

Rosario and I found the daily routine of obtaining food more and more involved. Hitherto we had eaten out as much as possible, but now one restaurant after another was forced to close because of the lack of food. We gave up trying to procure meat; the butchers' shops opened

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only sporadically, when they had a little meat left after hospitals and militia had been provided for. Shopping for eggs, vegetables, bread, and other staples was a day's work. If you devoted your morning to the eggs you would have to return when the markets reopened in the afternoon for the vegetables.

Only those who had children could buy milk. Despite this order the ever-ingenuous Rosario devised a scheme whereby we had our *café au lait* every morning. She would go to the *café* at the corner and sit outside, and, to the astonishment of the waiter, order four cups of *café au lait*. As soon as the waiter was out of sight she would pour the contents of the cups into a pitcher she had concealed under her coat and then bring it home. This worked admirably for about two weeks, and we saw ourselves enjoying this luxury indefinitely. But the owner of the *café* became suspicious of Rosario's unlimited coffee-drinking capacity. One morning he watched her and caught her in the act; from then on he refused to serve her more than one cup a day.

Despite the edict of the Government I mentioned before in regard to the reducing of rents our landlady kept asking for more money. A striking woman of forty-five, she had evidently not been crushed in the least by her recent stay in gaol. Some three weeks before she had been found guilty of exploiting her pretty seventeen-year-old daughter for immoral purposes. The daughter had gone to one of the committees, asking for protection against the mother. A home was provided for the girl and her mother put in prison. The *portera* (janitress) told me that formerly our landlady had been a high-class procuress. Dressing her so-called *protégées* in expensive clothes and

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posing as an aunt or relative, she had escorted them to the *cafés* frequented by the wealthy young men of Madrid—all this under the cloak of the greatest respectability. So lucrative was her 'respectability' that she owned not only the apartment house in which we lived, but a large one next door and a villa in the suburbs.

It was during these days that Salvador left us. Through Villatora he had been given a job as a transport chauffeur. The most enviable of all occupations, since it was well paid and comparatively without danger, his job was to take the foodstuffs and soldiers to the villages behind the front lines. He went to live at the barracks so that he might be on hand night and day.

One afternoon Rosario and I were having lunch at a restaurant called El Choco when José Maria came up to our table. At first I was embarrassed, remembering my promise to Jaime, but when Rosario asked him to sit down I could not very well refuse to allow him to join us. He told us that he had been to Barcelona on Government business and had come back that morning. He turned to call our waiter, who was standing arguing at the table next to ours with a slim, grey-haired man of forty. The waiter kept pushing the menu in front of the man, who kept pushing it away, at the same time cupping his hand and saying in German, "Soft-boiled eggs." But neither his gesture nor his language was understood. Finally, in despair, he picked up his hat and started to leave. I leaned across and said in German, "Perhaps I could help you?"

At hearing German his whole face lit up, and, smiling, he told me what he wanted. I gave his order in Spanish to the waiter. The man was dressed in a khaki outfit and wore the insignia of a first-lieutenant; a machine-gun was

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embroidered on the left breast-pocket, showing that he belonged to that division. As he was about to take his seat José Maria made a gesture inviting him to join us, at the same time saying that he hoped I would not mind. "After all," he apologized, "this man is fighting for us, and the least we can do is to help with the meal."

The man bowed timidly and accepted, introducing himself as Ludwig Roth. He told me that he was so happy to have found some one to whom he could speak, and, in answer to my questions, soon told me most of his story. Obviously a man of culture, he was a native of Vienna. As a young man he had become a Socialist, and rather than accept his inheritance he had left his wealthy family and chosen to earn a living. A few years later he had fallen deeply in love with a young woman who shared his beliefs and they had married. For fourteen years they had lived happily, each year bringing them closer together. They had had one son, upon whom they had lavished all their love and tenderness. Among the first occupants of the Karl Marx House in Vienna, they had asked for nothing more than a few books, the money to go to a few concerts. They had lived a simple life in peace and contentment.

But his whole life's structure was wiped out in one day. During the Dolfuss massacre in 1934 his wife had been killed in their apartment when the Karl Marx House was bombarded. His wife dead, his home completely destroyed, with his boy he was forced to flee his fatherland with the rest of the Austrian Socialists, hounded and persecuted. From a Socialist he changed to an ardent Communist. He made his headquarters in Czechoslovakia, travelling frequently to Russia. He had arrived

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in Spain two weeks before, having left his son in Prague in the care of an old friend. He told me that his last instructions to his friend were that in the event of his not coming back from Spain his boy was to be sent to Russia for his education.

Now he was a machine-gun instructor. Laughingly he told me that, though he could not even order his soft-boiled eggs, he knew the Spanish for each intricate part of a machine-gun. As he commenced to rattle off the technical terms in Spanish José Maria turned with a smile as he recognized each word.

José Maria had me ask Herr Roth where he was stationed and about his activities. The Austrian replied that he and his regiment were quartered at Alcalá de Henares, a half-hour from Madrid. I knew this village as it was the birthplace of Cervantes.

One question followed another, and before I knew it I was trying at breakneck pace to translate the opinions, ideas, and arguments of both men. They became more and more excited, until finally they couldn't wait for me to translate and started to argue back and forth in the two languages, neither knowing what the other was talking about. José Maria, thinking it might help the Austrian, kept interspersing French words, and Herr Roth, realizing that José could not understand his German, began to throw in a few Russian words. The end was that they both stood up, enthusiastically patting each other's shoulder and crying, "*Camarada, Camarada,*" the only word they both understood.

The four of us left the *café*, José and Rosario going ahead and Herr Roth and I following. The Austrian wanted to know when the last train left that afternoon for

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Alcalá de Henares. Since all public telephones had been disconnected José Maria suggested that we go to his office to call the station. As we stepped off the kerb to cross the Gran Vía a motor-cycle suddenly swung round the corner. José Maria was a few feet ahead with Rosario, and in an attempt to avoid them the driver lost control and the machine slid out from under him. The Austrian quickly tried to pull me back, but it was too late. The motor-cycle hit me a glancing blow, throwing me on the pavement. José Maria was already by my side. A crowd quickly gathered. One woman began to rub my wrists excitedly, and there were repeated demands that some one call an ambulance. I tried to get to my feet, protesting that this would not be necessary. Lifting me up, José Maria and Rosario helped me across the street. Roth hovered in the background.

"You're sure that you're all right, Janet? Don't you think you should go to the hospital?" José Maria asked.

"No. I'll be all right—just give me a minute."

The Austrian kept repeating, "What a narrow escape! It was lucky. You can thank me that I was so quick. If I hadn't pulled your arm you would have been killed!"

But this was only the beginning. After a month José Maria and I felt that one more encounter with this charming man would spell ruin for us both. Every time we saw him or heard from him some disaster would occur. A week after the motor-cycle accident I had lunch with the Austrian and suffered a violent attack of ptomaine poisoning. The first time he called on José Maria the post brought the cancellation of three important business contracts. The next time he arrived in Madrid and came to see José Maria a bomb fell outside the building while he

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was waiting in the lobby. A piece of shrapnel burst into José Maria's office, breaking all the windows and crystals and lodging in the wall.

The last time I saw Herr Roth the three of us were together. He had called in the morning and asked me if I could have lunch with him. He thought it would be nice if I would telephone José Maria and include him, suggesting that we join him at the restaurant where we had first met. When I relayed his invitation to José Maria over the telephone he laughed and said, "Who knows what will happen this time? Misfortune clings to him; it would pay Spain to have him fight on Franco's side."

When José Maria and I arrived he was already seated. His face was more resigned than ever, but he greeted us with his usual charm and graciousness. It was a very pleasant meal, and we sat there for almost four hours. By this time Herr Roth had learned a little Spanish and conversation was easier.

It was not until the end of the meal that the talk took a political turn and they began to discuss intervention. José Maria drew a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Herr Roth.

"This is something that will interest you. We took these by the hundreds from our Moorish prisoners. This is what Franco was paying them with."

Roth laughed. "They won't be able to buy much with that. You know, of course, that's a pre-War German mark note?"

José Maria nodded. "So the Moors found out. Now Franco has to give them something more satisfactory. They have been given the right to pillage any village they take."

The two men began to discuss the question of non-



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intervention. José Maria was very sceptical, saying that those countries which have been interfering from the beginning would continue to do so. He had hopes that there might be some solution of the problem from England.

"The English!" said Herr Roth bitterly. "The last country that Spain should count on is England."

I remembered when Alvarez del Vayo, the Foreign Minister, had left for Geneva, some weeks before, there had been a good deal of optimism. People eagerly read the papers to learn the reaction to del Vayo's brilliant speeches and pleas, but it did not take them long to realize that there was nothing to be hoped for from this conference. England, however, the people did not for a moment question. They felt sure that a certain justice would be meted out to them, and that, if nothing more, England would prevent Germany and Italy from giving Franco further support.

It was late afternoon when we got up to leave. The dining-room was by this time completely empty. As we started towards the door we noticed for the first time that Roth had a cane and limped. José Maria was shocked.

"What happened to you? How were you hurt?"

"I received a flesh wound," replied Roth.

I noticed the changed insignia.

"You've been made a captain," I said, wanting to congratulate him.

He gave a sad little smile, but before I could compliment him he held up his hand. "Yes, a captain without a company. I lost practically all my men."

We followed Roth out in silence. In the street we said good-bye. José Maria and I watched him as he limped slowly away.

X

“*An Andalusian so Fair . . .*”

*Tres golpes de sangre tuvo,  
Y se murió de perfil;  
Viva moneda que nunca  
Se volviera a repetir.*

Three murderous blows,  
And he lay still in death;  
Shining coin that never  
Will be struck again.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA,  
*Muerte de Antonito el Camborio*

IT was the day of the great benefit. For weeks the artists had been performing—four, five, six times a day: at the smallest theatres in the outlying districts, in the streets, in the convalescent homes, at the front, at the poorest or most luxurious theatres—but to-day was to be the climax, the last benefit, the greatest and most magnificent of them all.

At the Zarzuela, the biggest theatre in Madrid, crowds were pouring into the various entrances. Not a seat was to be had; the aisles were packed with chairs, people were sitting on the floor. Backstage was a madhouse. Hundreds of performers, stage hands, half-dressed dancers, musicians, singers, poets—all had gathered to-day to give their services. Even the oldest and most professional felt the nervousness and excitement.

There were not nearly enough dressing-rooms to go round, so that Miguel and I had to share one with several others. The same backstage excitement was carried into

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the dressing-rooms. As I began to make up every one was joking, lending anything that was asked for, eager only that the evening be the greatest success. All the usual petty jealousies—who should go on first, what was the best spot, who had the right to the most applause—were forgotten. We heard the call as the curtain went up.



Another dancer, a friend of Miguel's, came into the dressing-room.

"*Ola, Miguel.*"

Miguel laughed, "*Que tal?*"

"Who is performing?" I asked.

"Every one—Pastora Imperia, Catalina Barcena, Angelillo, Alberti——"

"Oh, Alberti, the great poet?"

Alberti was known as the "poet of the people." There was hardly a benefit in Madrid where he had not appeared. He usually recited stirring revolutionary ballads or his own poems inciting the people to victory and recalling the heroism of those that had fallen. He was very much loved even by those in the audience who did not

“*An Andalusian so Fair . . .*”

ordinarily care for poetry, and his appearance was always greeted with loud acclaim.

“What will Alberti recite?” I asked, as we left the dressing-room and walked towards the wings.

“He has written a poem especially in honour of this occasion.”

On the stage El Negro Aquilino (the Aquiline Negro), a negro from Cuba, was performing. He was the only artist to appear in full dress I saw in Spain. We listened as he imitated on the saxophone the voice and style of the *flamenco* singers. When he finished he was called back twice before the audience permitted him to leave. After him La Niña de la Puebla (the Little Girl of the People) was led on to the stage. Immediately the audience again began to applaud the famous twenty-five-year-old blind *flamenco* singer, whose sad voice always seemed to move the people to gentleness. They called loving and encouraging words to her throughout her songs. One performer followed another. Carmen Flores, a buxom singer, had only one song left in her *répertoire*. Her selection was never announced, as the people knew it so well that they sang with her from the beginning to the end. Angelillo, El Niño de Utrera, Maria Antinea, La Molina—an endless procession. With each act the excitement and enthusiasm of the audience mounted, reaching a climax when Pastora Imperia appeared.

Of pure gipsy heritage, Pastora Imperia has a dazzling white skin and deep green eyes. Although not young any more, there is no artist who can take her place in the heart of the public. Of all the performers I have ever seen not one makes the dramatic appearance that she does. Walking out from the wings with her head thrown back,

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her right arm curved in front of her, she circles the stage with short, quick steps and stops abruptly in the centre. Her eyes narrow suggestively and then open suddenly to a brilliant flash. Her mouth curves into the famous challenging smile.

The audience knows her so well that not until that moment do they break forth, "*Ole! La Pastora!*"



Though she does not have the agility of the younger dancers, every motion has been stylized and perfected. Only the essence of her art remains. When she sings, though she has a limited range, she is still able to carry the audience away with her dramatic interpretation.

The enthusiasm of the audience was at such a high pitch that it seemed impossible for it to grow any more intense. But as the performance continued, artist after artist, singers, dancers, musicians, there was no let-down. Every one, mediocre or otherwise, was greeted with almost hysterical acclaim. I never sensed such an atmosphere before. The *rapprochement* between each artist and the

“*An Andalusian so Fair . . .*”

audience was inexplicable. The audience had watched three and a half hours of entertainment when Chicote and his wife, Lauretta del Prado, made an informal and unexpected appearance.

The white-haired old gentleman came on leading his wife. Small and frail he was, nevertheless a dignified and imposing figure with his leonine head; his wife, in contrast, was a short, dumpy little woman.

He stepped to the front of the stage and began in a thin voice: “There are many of you here to-night who may not know us. I am Chicote,” and he bowed towards his wife; “this is Lauretta.”

Instantly a murmur of recognition followed and there was a burst of applause.

“For many years Lauretta and I have entertained your fathers, your mothers, even your grandfathers. We are as much a part of old Madrid in the memories of your parents as the carriages in the Bombilla or the bustles and *mantones de Manila* the ladies used to wear; La Verbena de la Paloma; everything that was *el Madrid castizo*—the pure Madrid—of fifty years ago.”

He paused. The audience was quiet, every one straining to hear his words.

“Lauretta and I never planned to make another appearance after our retirement some years ago. But to-night we have come, not in any professional capacity, not to entertain you, but simply to tell you that we of another day are with you; and that for us the gap of time does not exist, because the Madrileño of to-day is in no wise different from the Madrileño of my day. To-day, as in the past and always, we stand ready to defend with our lives our honour, our country, and our freedom.”

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The audience rose with cheers and cries of affection. The old man stood smiling, until tears began to run down his face. His wife kept holding his hand, using her handkerchief to dry his eyes. All of us rushed out from the wings to embrace the old couple and escort them back.

The music began once again, and a young dancer next to me started to warm up her castanets, waiting for her entrance cue. They began to play her introduction and she started forward. But at that moment Alberti brushed her aside and walked out to the middle of the stage. Thinking they had made a mistake, the musicians stopped. The audience, puzzled, started to clap. Alberti held up his hand. His face was ashen, almost stricken.

Speaking with difficulty, and in a broken voice, he said, "I bring you terrible news." He paused. The weight of his message seemed to crush him. "I could not believe it, but it has been confirmed. It is true. Federico Garcia Lorca has been killed."

Every one was stunned. No one moved. Alberti's voice again finally broke the silence.

"Our beloved poet was taken out and shot by the Fascists."

Still no move or word.

"Instead of the poem I intended to read to you tonight I am going to give you Lorca's great elegy for his dear friend Sanchez Mejias."

And now suddenly his voice was firm. He stepped closer to the front and began those lines that speak of the death of Sanchez Mejias, the bull-fighter; of how in the arena at five o'clock in the afternoon the boy brought the white sheet and the arena was covered with iodine; of the blood; of the blood he does not want to see—

## *"An Andalusian so Fair . . ."*

"Say to the moon that comes  
That I do not wish to see the blood  
Of Ignacio over the arena."

As the words came from Alberti the first stunned response of the audience faded; each person seemed to lean forward, anxious to catch every word, eager that no single meaning escape his ears. And as Alberti poured out the story of Sanchez Mejias' greatness and death the vital words, alive, strong, transcended the death they spoke of—transcended even Lorca's death. Lorca was not dead; Lorca was alive—each phrase and each line was a proof. The audience was gradually moulded as one, as Lorca held the people under his spell.

It was not until the last quatrain that they realized he had written his own elegy:

"Much time will pass before there is born—if one is born—  
An Andalusian so fair, so rich in adventure.  
I sing of his elegance with words that sigh  
And remember a sad breeze that passed through the olive-trees."

I had first heard of Garcia Lorca in Mexico. He had been a close friend of Argentinita because of her long and intimate relationship with Sanchez Mejias. Many of the dances that she and Miguel performed had been staged by Lorca, whose greatest passion had been the development of the native arts of Spain. An accomplished musician, he had written down for the first time many of the folk and gipsy songs. Previously these songs had been handed down from generation to generation, dependent on the memory of their interpreters for their existence.

All his poems and dramas had their roots in the soil of Spain and in the people, and were typically and essentially Spanish. Most particularly he glorified his own



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native Andalusia. The assassination of Lorca in Granada was incomprehensible to all who knew his works. He had no political identity, and had never in any way affiliated himself with any single movement. His death would



have been a tragedy in any country, for such great poets are born so rarely; but Spain has had comparatively few truly great writers. One may almost count on one's fingers the number whose names are known beyond the Pyrenees. Lorca, already recognized in all the Latin-speaking countries, will undoubtedly take his place among the universally great. Cut off in his prime, killed at thirty-one, his passing was an irreparable loss to the culture of Spain.

## *“An Andalusian so Fair . . .”*

His death roused such a storm of protest even among the Rebels that, in an attempt to counteract this feeling, they broadcast the news that the Loyalists had executed Benevente and the Quintero brothers. This rumour, however, was immediately proved false. Benevente sent a wire to one of the leading newspapers in Madrid asking that it be published. He said that, far from being dead, he was both alive and well. In the same issue a picture of the Quintero brothers, taken only two days before, appeared. They were shown embracing several *milicianos* and speaking to one of the commandants at the front.

The whole attitude of the people and their Government towards their artists was as if these were something very precious, to be handled with care. In the first week of the siege of Madrid the Government, at the request of the people, evacuated all the artists from the threatened city before anyone else.

Even towards Miguel Unamuno, the famous writer who had turned against them, there was no bitterness. As though trying to make excuses for him, they would say in apology, “You can’t blame him—after all, he’s not so young any more; he’s become confused.”

The one who was really crushed and bitterly ashamed of Unamuno’s action was his own son. José Maria and I saw him many times, gloomy and brooding as he stalked up the street, shunning even his former friends.

But the indulgence of the people towards Unamuno was not wasted. When he saw the German soldiers in his beloved Salamanca he admitted his mistake and expressed a fervent hope for the victory of the people. Courageously, as President of the University of Salamanca, he defied the

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Fascist programme and willingly accepted his dismissal. Many say he died of a broken heart.

Ever since the great benefit I had seen very little of Miguel. It was hard to imagine him as such, but he was now a *miliciano*. With many of the other young artists, he had welcomed the last benefit, as they all felt self-contemptuous to be singing and dancing when many of their friends were out fighting. Even those artists who had been drafted as a matter of form resented the special privileges they received. Now that they were free they formed their own small regiment. Most of Madrid knew them as they marched from their training barracks to their living quarters, dressed, as many were, in uniforms that didn't fit them; people would stop and stare until they saw the flag that identified them as the artists' regiment. No amount of military paraphernalia could have made us take them seriously. We couldn't help smiling; no matter how much they tried to disguise the fact it was patent that each was either a musician or a dancer.

One day on my way home I arrived at a corner which I had passed that morning. For a moment I thought I had missed my way. Only a heap of stone and *débris* was there. A number of *milicianos* were standing guard to prevent curious onlookers from getting too close and being injured by the bits of plaster and broken cornice that still fell from the recently bombed houses. Apart stood one forlorn figure that looked vaguely familiar to me. But I would never have recognized who was concealed behind that uniform made for a man twice his size, and that straggling beard which hid his face, if Enrique's voice had not called me.

## *"An Andalusian so Fair . . ."*

Enrique with a beard! He was such a ludicrous figure, if I could I would have laughed. Instead I had tears in my eyes. Enrique was a dancer who had performed with us constantly. Every one made good-natured fun of him, as he was rather effeminate. We all used to say that no girl could swing her hips like Enrique. But he was really such a likeable boy, always eager to help or run errands for his companions, that we were all very fond of him. He was pathetically glad to see me. The large rifle he carried continually got in his way, and as he talked he kept shifting it from one side to the other. He confessed that he did not have the slightest idea how to use the gun, even after two weeks' instruction.



"But I'm tired of standing around here," he told me in the same breath. "I want to get to the front."



I commented that he had just told me he did not know how to use a gun.

"It won't take much longer," he said confidently. "But even then they'll probably hang around and keep our regiment from going."

Later, when I left him, I couldn't help turning to look back. As he stood there so woefully alone I thought: what did Enrique and the others have to do with all this? Their comprehension, their world, never went beyond the four walls of a studio and all that it meant. They were just childish, lovable artists, with their vital but so

## *Dancer in Madrid*

insignificant quarrels, their thoughtless generosity, their *juergas*, their *fiestas*, the clapping of hands, the sound of guitars and stamping of feet that no bombardment or front-line trench could ever drown out in their hearts. Yet my wondering did them an injustice. Their world *did* go beyond the studio walls; directly or indirectly they obviously felt themselves involved and could not help being drawn into the conflict. What of Pablo Casals fighting near Barcelona? What of the host of painters, sculptors, and writers too numerous to name who had already died?

A week later Enrique had his wish. The artists' regiment was ordered to the front. The night before their departure Miguel was sent home ill, disappointed, angry that he was to miss this chance they had all been waiting for. But the truck that carried the enthusiastic young group never reached the front. On the way a Rebel bomb made a direct hit.

XI

*The Dead Miliciano*

*Que haga un cadaver mas,  
Que importa al mundo!*

Let there be one more corpse;  
What does the world care!

ESPRONCEDA

IT was not until after the benefit that Jaime and I once again began to feel as close to one another as before. Though I had apologized and he had telephoned the next morning, there had been a certain reluctance and formality when we met, as when two people have quarrelled; we were annoyed not so much with each other, perhaps, as with ourselves for letting something so comparatively unimportant upset us. Then, after the night of the benefit, he had come backstage, and in the excitement and the news of Lorca's death all the resentment had abruptly melted away and it was the same as it had been. Later, anxious that there should be no further misunderstanding, I told him about accidentally meeting José Maria.

"You make me feel like a tyrant," he smiled, taking my hand and kissing it.

As if both of us wanted to make up for the time we had wasted by our foolishness we tried, after that night, to see one another as much as possible. Now that benefits didn't demand so much of my time I could more readily adapt my time to Jaime; he, in turn, made every effort that nothing should interfere with our being together. In the morning he came and we had breakfast; at noon I met

## *Dancer in Madrid*

him downtown for lunch, and then whenever he was free we met, and the rest of the day and evening was spent constantly in each other's company.

Then one morning a cable from America: "Mexican papers received. Divorce final."

Now everything was perfect. The last obstacle to our happiness had been removed. Joyously I kissed Rosario and hurried off to Jaime's office.

When I arrived the tourist agency was empty; only a clerk stood behind the bare counter reading a newspaper. He greeted me and waved towards the stairway that led to Jaime's subterranean office. I had often made fun of this mysterious sanctuary below the street, thinking it looked like a perfect setting for a conspiracy.

Jaime was standing in a corner with two men—one older, the other almost a boy. They were talking excitedly, but when they saw me they stopped. Jaime nodded and asked me to wait a moment.

They resumed their conversation, but now almost in a whisper. Once the boy forgot himself and raised his voice. I saw Jaime quickly reach over and with an admonitory look press his wrist. When he saw that I was looking at them he smiled. I was tempted to tell them not to worry—they were speaking in Catalan and I could not understand a word.

After they left Jaime came and took me in his arms. He kissed me gently, sadly, as if he were very tired.

"What's the matter, darling?"

He shrugged and let me go, moving slowly towards his desk.

"What were those two talking about?" I asked.

He looked at me meditatively.

## *The Dead Miliciano*

"Nothing, *mimo*—at least, nothing unusual." He sat down.

"You seem depressed." I had come round behind him and put my arms round his shoulders.

"Nothing unusual," he repeated in a low voice; "but still sometimes one finds it difficult to become accustomed to such things."

There was a pause, and I waited for him to go on.

"The young one's father was killed yesterday—taken out and shot."

"They don't care whom they kill or why."

"They?"

"The Rebels."

Jaime smiled, a little ironically.

"His father wasn't shot by the Rebels," he declared.

Then abruptly I remembered why I had come.

I took the telegram out of my bag and handed it to him. He read it and handed it back.

"*Mimo*," he said softly.

His arms went round me again. We kissed long and tenderly.

"When do you want to get married?" he asked.

"As soon as you like, dearest."

"You don't think that perhaps we should wait until all this is over?"

"Only if you want to," I answered.

Again he held me in a long kiss.

"*Mimo*, my darling . . ."

I looked across the room at Jaime to reassure myself that all this was real. This was the first time I had come to his *pension*. We sat in the *salon* waiting for dinner to



## Dancer in Madrid

be announced. I studied his friends and fellow-boarders. One had been introduced to me—the son of the wealthiest conserve exporter in Andalusia. Another was a



small, chubby-faced man, the youngest member to have a seat in the Spanish stock exchange, and the third a tall, striking-looking man who, Jaime later told me, bore a well-known title. Ever since our arrival here I had found myself being carried farther away from the present. Even Jaime in his dark suit and black tie, which he had gone to his room to put on the moment we had arrived, seemed different, formal, almost distant.

When we went in to dinner the room, with its panelling and damask draperies drawn tight against the outside world, the table set with dull silver, crystal goblets, and lace tablecloth, all seemed part of a luxurious private house. And now at our table I had a chance to inspect our hostesses. In rich black silk, unrelieved except for the gleam of a heavy ring or brooch, the two middle-aged women made it further impossible for me to consider all this as part of a *pension*. It was more a private home to which a few selected friends had been invited for dinner. Surely, I thought, this could not be in the heart of the Madrid I knew.

As the meal progressed—the maid treading softly behind us with each course—this thought became a conviction; not only the surroundings, the extravagant food for this time, but the people themselves were

## *The Dead Miliciano*

not of the present Madrid. They did not even acknowledge its existence. The conversation was typical of people of culture who have no grave preoccupations; they discussed the theatre, the ballet, music, literature, gliding with assurance from one to the other. Every time I tried to speak of something contemporary the conversation was smoothly directed into other channels. Not once during the whole evening was the revolution mentioned.

Long before the meal was over I was bored by their conventional opinions and anxious to go. After the *demi-tasse* had been served the maid returned to the room and spoke to Jaime.

He rose, excusing himself and saying to me in English, "Some one to see me; I'll be back directly."

He returned a few minutes later and asked me to go with him. In the hall I was introduced to a short woman about forty years old, with reddish hair and a quiet manner. She was introduced to me as Señora Lazaro.

Jaime turned to me, speaking in Spanish this time: "Janet, I've just been talking with Señora Lazaro, and she has consented. I think it will be a very good idea for her to come and live with you and be your companion. She says that she would be willing to be your maid, but I don't think that will be necessary. I've told her that I know you'll agree with me, so she'll come to your house tomorrow morning."

Restrained by the presence of the woman, whom I did not wish to offend, I simply nodded my head, intending to tell Jaime, as soon as she had gone, that I had no intention of taking her, and secondly, he should consult me before asking people to live in my home.

## Dancer in Madrid

Señora Lazaro thanked us, and Jaime escorted her to the door. He returned to face me.

"I know what you're going to say, darling." He forestalled my outburst. "But if you really understood the situation you'd feel sorry for her. She is completely alone, her husband and brothers are fighting at the front, and now she has no money. Never having worked before, she went and took a position in a *pension* where she has to wait on a dozen people. She's not well and her health is breaking down."

As he went on talking I began to feel sorry for the woman.

"All right," I said, "I'll give her a try, but I think you should have asked me first. Anyhow, let's go."

Outside the night was warm, lovely, moonlit. We started down the empty street, walking slowly, our arms around each other's waist. Suddenly a young *miliciano* stepped out of a portal a few feet ahead of us. Jaime drew his arm back quickly, but not before the *miliciano* had

seen the gesture and smiled, calling a sympathetic *ole* as he passed us.

We had almost reached the corner when a shot rang out. It seemed ominously near in the quiet night. Instinctively I turned, looking back in the direction from which the shot had come. The *miliciano* lay sprawled out on the pavement.

In the gas-blue light of the *farole* I could see a black splotch take shape and edge towards the gutter. I started



## *The Dead Miliciano*

towards the figure, but Jaime jerked me roughly back. He pulled me away.

"Jaime!" I protested.

"Come on."

He had me by the wrist.

"The *miliciano*," I said, trying to stop him.

But he kept on without answering me. Not until we had left the *miliciano* three blocks behind would he slow up.

Furiously I turned to him: "We should have gone back!"

"Don't be stupid," he replied tersely.

"He was hurt!"

"He was dead—couldn't you see him?"

"He might have been only wounded."

"No—I could see the blood."

"Even so——"

"For heaven's sake, Janet, can't you see the danger you would expose yourself to?" His voice grew more confident as we moved farther away. "Do you want to end up in prison or worse?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"They won't be able to find out who fired the shot. They'll use anyone near at hand."

We had reached the Calle Alcalá by now.

"Let's go in and have a drink," suggested Jaime, stopping in front of the Café Ivory. Now I could see his face. He was more upset and shaken than I had imagined.

Standing at the bar, I turned to him.

"Where did you think the shot came from, Jaime?"

"Don't talk here," he answered in a low voice. "You can never tell who may be listening."

## *Dancer in Madrid*

He lifted the glass to his lips.

"Won't we ever be able to be together without something to remind us of this mad business? Isn't there anywhere that we can be alone?" he said fiercely. "Tonight when we should have been so happy——"

"Why don't we go to my place," I interrupted. "Rosario won't be there. She's spending the whole evening at a friend's house."

We finished and went out. As we approached the door of my apartment I heard voices. My heart sank. I put the key in the door, but before I had a chance to turn it the door was opened. Rosario was standing there, flushed and happy.

"Look who's here," she cried.

We entered. Villatora and José Maria were sitting at the table drinking coffee. They got up as they saw me and stood smiling. I did not know how to hide my disappointment, but José Maria was already speaking.

"Forgive our coming uninvited, but Angel wanted to keep his promise and bring you these." He pointed to two beautiful fans lying on the table. "And so I came along," he finished.

Afraid to look at Jaime, I introduced him to José Maria. He nodded briefly to Villatora.

Every one was constrained. José Maria made an obvious excuse and picked up his coat to leave. I was ashamed of our rudeness, and, trying to cover it, I rushed into the story of what had happened. I had just got to the point where I was telling how I felt at seeing the body of the young *miliciano* lying on the pavement when I stopped short.

I realized that I could not tell these two that Jaime and

## *The Dead Miliciano*

I had left without even going back to see if we could help.

The pause was long. Villatora, thinking at first that I was too upset by the memory to continue, urged me on.

"Well, what did you do? Was he dead?"

I looked at him, then at Jaime, now pale and strained, and finally at José Maria. No words came to my mind. I kept staring at José Maria, who was watching me intently.

"Was he dead?" Villatora asked again.

José Maria turned to Villatora.

"Of course he was dead. They seldom miss their targets."

But Villatora was not taken in. He knew that José Maria was trying to cover me.

"Are you sure he was dead? Did they find out who did it?" He directed his question to Jaime.

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?" persisted Villatora.

"We didn't go back," Jaime replied evenly.

Concealing his contempt, Villatora turned. "Come on! Let's go," he said to José Maria.

The two moved towards the door. José Maria said good night to Rosario and me, nodding silently to Jaime. At the door Villatora stopped.

"You'd better be careful," he said to me. "In these days it's not so safe to be with a man like that."

Jaime stepped forward. "If you have any remarks to make, make them to me."

"I have nothing to say to you."

"What was the meaning of what you just said to Miss Riesenfeld?"

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Villatora looked directly at Jaime before he answered.

"You know what I meant. There is only one of two reasons why you didn't go back. Either you are a coward or you have a very good reason for not wishing to become involved."

Villatora turned and went out. José Maria followed him, closing the door. When I came back into the room Rosario had disappeared and Jaime had gone over to the window. I was afraid to look at him, afraid that he might feel obliged to give some explanation—and yet I did want an explanation. I looked at him. He was staring out into the courtyard.

"You're not a coward, Jaime. . . ."

He did not turn, but went on staring out into the courtyard. When he finally spoke his words were low, almost inaudible.

"No, *mimo*, but I am involved."



## XII

### *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

Every new measure decided upon by the London 'Non-Intervention' Committee is a new encouragement to the Fascists to start the war in Europe. A simple summation of the most important facts of the past months will make this startlingly clear.

ANDRÉ MARTY, *Heroic Spain*

I WAS awakened the next morning by Rosario entering my room. She came to the foot of the bed.

"There's a woman in the other room."

"What woman?" I asked, turning over sleepily.

"You ought to know. She said you asked her to come and live here."

I sat up in bed, suddenly remembering Señora Lazaro.

Pushing back the covers, I grabbed a dressing-gown, explaining to Rosario what had happened the night before and the arrangement I had made with Jaime about Señora Lazaro.

"You have to move in here with me," I continued. "We'll let her sleep in your bed."

"I don't understand—it's ridiculous," protested Rosario. "If Jaime wants her when you're married that's one thing, but why should your whole life here be upset and inconvenienced? A few weeks shouldn't make so much difference."

"You don't understand, Rosario." I told her the woman's circumstances, finishing with, "She is completely alone. Her husband and brothers are fighting at the front."



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Rosario shrugged her shoulders. Looking at me sceptically, she asked, "Do you happen to know what side her husband and brothers are fighting for?"

When I went into the living-room Señora Lazaro was there and had already begun to unpack her things. Rosario had gone into the kitchen to start breakfast. As I began to talk to her she went on laying out her clothes and putting them in a drawer that she had appropriated for herself.

"I won't bother you," she began to say. "I won't be here very much." She must have noticed my puzzled look, for she quickly added, "It's just that I don't want to be in your way. Naturally if there is anything you want me to do . . ."

As she went on I realized how inadequate this new arrangement would be; and during breakfast the mutual hostility of the other two emphasized the fact. After breakfast she went out, leaving Rosario and me to clear the things.

"Is she going to be a maid or companion?" asked Rosario drily.

"Neither, if I can help it. She evidently doesn't consider herself a maid, and certainly this isn't any kind of companionship."

I decided to get ready and go down and see Jaime.

Dressing, I began to think. He had indicated that he was involved. What did he mean? To what extent was he involved? I remembered the two Catalans in the office the previous day. Evidently he had some influence, as they had come to him for help. And the other *pensionnaires* at the dinner last night—one was a count and another a member of the stock exchange. Their very

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

position indicated they knew people of importance who might very well desire to carry on an active opposition to the Government. And now this woman? Why had she suddenly been thrust into my home? Apart from my natural aversion to her, I realized that she might be a concrete menace. Who was she? What was she? But no—Jaime would never involve me. No—the woman didn't have anything to do with it. But there were still a thousand other questions to be answered. As I asked myself these questions I began to realize that they were made from what was becoming a point of view. I thought of the dead *miliciano* of the previous evening. Had I wanted to go back because I felt a natural sympathy for another human being, or was I beginning to identify myself with what he stood for? I had never been so moved as by the announcement of Lorca's death. Never before had I felt such a strong sympathy for the people about me. Men like José Maria and Villatora inspired only complete respect. And really this all went much deeper than possibly I could ever conceive. Again, the Englishman in the hospital, and again, the incredible courage that went to take the Cuartel came to my mind. And in contrast to all this was Jaime's undeniable hostility.

Just before I arrived at his office I came to the conclusion that the most important thing was not how much Jaime was involved, but how far my feelings would allow me to go in a definite stand against him.

When I arrived he was seated at his desk writing. As I entered he put down his pen and came to me. He looked questioningly at me before he took me in his arms.

He kissed me, saying, "I'm so glad you're here—but isn't this early for you?"

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"Señora Lazaro came to my apartment this morning."

"Did she get settled?"

"I'll say she got settled—so settled that I'm ready to move out. It's impossible, Jaime; she can't stay."

"That isn't very fair, Janet. At least give her a try."

"No, already she and Rosario——"

"Ah, Rosario——"

"Not only Rosario—I don't want her."

"You can't put her out just like that. At least you'll have to wait until I find another place for her," he said.

"I don't understand you, Jaime. If she is a personal friend of yours, all right; you know as a favour I'll do anything. But why all this pretence about her being a maid, a companion? Are you using me as protection?"

I stopped abruptly, realizing I had gone too far in my excitement.

Jaime flared. "So that's what is in the back of your mind?"

"No, Jaime," I protested. "I didn't mean that."

But he went on: "I told you last night that I was involved, but you have no right to think I would implicate you in any way."

"I know you wouldn't, darling. I can't say more than that. I was excited. Please forgive me."

"I know that you wouldn't, but your friends don't hesitate to say just the opposite."

"Jaime, let's not discuss it. I'll keep her if you wish."

At that moment the clerk called down that there was some one upstairs to see Jaime.

"I'm sorry we can't talk any more now, darling. Do you want to wait and have lunch with me, or do you want to have dinner this evening?"

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

"I'll meet you for dinner," I said.

Coming out to the street, I walked up the Gran Via. On the corner I saw a number of people crowded around the window display of Madrid's swankiest men's hat shop. Set in the middle of all the models with their smart felt hats was one wax head wearing a black gas-mask. The effect was horrible. Behind the celluloid goggles glass eyes stared out at the silent spectators.

As I turned I heard music, and looking, saw that loudspeakers had been set along the Gran Via. Far up the street I could see the beginning of a parade. As it drew nearer people started running out of stores and buildings, crowding along the kerb, and as the sound of marching grew louder and louder I waited. The loudspeaker began playing the *Riego*. And now I could see the first banners and the faces of the marching men. Running excitedly along the pavement, children kept abreast of the first line, shouting cries of encouragement.

Each regiment that passed bore its flag and the new flag of Spain. The soldiers kept calling, throwing back salutes and cheers to the spectators; laughing, exultant, proud. There were no official uniforms, and the marchers were without guns. A few pieces of heavy artillery which had been captured, but were so thoroughly out of commission that they could not be used at the front, were driven along on display. When I looked left the first regiments had gone so far ahead that I could not see where they began, and when I looked right up the Gran Via I could not see where the parade ended. For half an hour I watched it, row after row, the cries and shouts increasing and subsiding with the coming and going of each new regiment.

Finally I turned and left the parade behind me, walking

## *Dancer in Madrid*

towards the Monreal Academy. When I entered the place was dead. Only a few days before when I had been there it had still been full of life, young people dancing, stamping, and singing in all the rooms. In the back I found Paquita, Monreal, and Manolo having lunch. They insisted that I join them. Sitting down, I asked why everything was so deserted.

Paquita told me that Monreal had had to tell the pupils not to come any more, as from now on there would be no one to play the piano.

"Monreal has joined a regiment and he's gone all day."

Manolo too had joined. He was working in a hospital unit that was learning to do rescue work with gas-masks. Paquita, always so cheerful, now had tears in her eyes.

"I don't know which regiment to join, whether I'll be able to go with Monreal or Manolo, but I certainly won't stay here alone," she said.

I stayed talking for three hours and left in a very depressed frame of mind. When I arrived at the Gran Via again the parade was still going on. The crowds on the pavement had increased. Now it was impossible to cross the street, and I was forced to stand and watch the thousands marching by. They had been parading for four hours and there seemed no sign of the end. From far away came an indistinct murmur. Faint at first, it grew louder and louder. I heard "*Viva la Republica!*" and then, like a gigantic wave, the roar of sound broke at my feet, "*Viva la Republica!*" The cry had been picked up from block to block, the multitudes shouting and sending it in an unbroken chain from the Plaza de Callao to the Cibeles a

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

mile away. Over and over again this was repeated. As I was standing there I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I turned round and saw José Maria smiling at me.

"I've come from the academy. They said you had just left."

"How did you know that I was there?" I asked.



"I called your house and Rosario told me that I would find you there. I wanted to apologize for last night."

"There is nothing to apologize for. It wasn't your fault."

He smiled and we turned back to the parade. For half an hour more we watched, until finally the last column passed.

José Maria took my arm.

"Come on, we'll go and have some coffee."

We walked to the Brazil, our old rendezvous, only a

## *Dancer in Madrid*

few minutes away. As we arrived I commented upon the children who were playing on the pavement a few yards away. All over Madrid the children had formed bands calling themselves *pioneros* (pioneers). For the last few weeks they had been making coloured clay designs on the pavements; each design usually depicted some revolutionary scene—a young *miliciano* pointing a gun or a



Loyalist stamping on a serpent which had a swastika on its head. Some of these designs were so remarkable that they had been roped off for display.

We joined the Press crowd at their usual open-air table. There were the customary arguments, but I did not pay particular attention, preferring to watch the children on the pavement. I was smiling at the adult intensity which one child was giving to his work when a shot rang out and I saw him wriggling on the ground. Before I could realize what had happened, two more shots, and two more children were screaming on the pavement. Every one had left the table. Immediately a crowd gathered where the children had fallen. In a flash I saw José Maria elbow his

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way through and run past me. He jumped into a car in front of the Press Building and brought it quickly to where the crowd had gathered. Amid cries of anger and rage the car drove away. As it turned the corner I caught a glimpse of José Maria at the wheel and we all heard a rapid succession of shots.

A few seconds later the ambulance arrived, and not until it had left did the crowd disperse. The women were sobbing, and those that were hysterical were being quieted by the men. A few of my former table companions returned tense and pale. When I finally brought myself to look where the children had been playing only ten minutes before I was startled to see that there was nothing to tell of the horrible tragedy that had just occurred. People, unknowing, were going on their way. Only I felt the terrible void and knew the meaning of the unfinished designs and the dark spots that stained one of the sand figures.

I excused myself and went into the Press Building to telephone Jaime. I didn't feel I wanted to see anyone. He was not at his office, but the clerk said he expected him back. I left a message that I could not meet him, that I was ill and was going home.

When I came out of the subway it was seven o'clock and the sky was already dark. I walked quickly towards my home. When I reached the corner of my block there was a sudden deafening roar. The whole sky seemed to have opened, and the ground shook. The whole city was stunned. In the few seconds that it took for me to get to my doorway hundreds of things seemed to happen. The city was plunged into complete darkness. Only the light from the sky showed the running figures; silently they rushed for refuge. Into subways, into doorways, down to



## *Dancer in Madrid*

cellars—all desperately trying to escape the death and horror dropping from the sky. As I entered the hall, another bomb! Five hundred pounds of burning metal that cut through the earth as if it were gauze.

The hall was filled with people. The door to my apartment was open—it too was crowded. No one spoke. There was only the whimpering of the children. We all



stood in the hallway waiting. Again a bomb, and again a bomb! Twelve times the hollow reverberation. For half an hour we stood in the unlit hallways. When one bomb seemed closer than the others a shudder ran through the hall and the open room. The children began to cry loudly, frightened. Then again we waited until, after what seemed an endless time, we heard the droning of the powerful motors as they left the city behind. For a moment longer the silence held, then was suddenly shattered as the lights went on again, a tumult of voices began, and every one in the hall started shouting. The cries of the children reached a crescendo. The first air raid was over.

The people were streaming out of my apartment, and

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

I made my way in. Standing in the centre was Rosario. As she saw me she burst into tears.

When she pulled herself together and dried her eyes she said, "You know, my little one, this isn't my first air raid. After all, I went through the War. But I thought you were downtown meeting Jaime, and in the middle of it, and that you might have been hurt."

People began coming in and saying exactly where the bombs had fallen. None of the reports coincided; some said in the middle of the business section, others naming some point in the opposite direction. In the middle of all this the telephone rang.

"Janet!"

It was Jaime.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, darling. Where are you?" I replied.

"I'm still at the office."

"Did the air raid catch you there?"

"Yes, fortunately I was still in my office. Shall I come and see you?"

"No, dear—I'm worn out. I'm going to bed."

"All right then. If there's anything you want—I'll be at home."

"Good night, darling."

"Good night, *mimo*."

I had no sooner hung up than the telephone rang again. This time it was José Maria.

"I'm glad to hear your voice, Janet."

"Where are you?"

"I'm downtown."

"Do you know where the bombs fell?" I asked.

"I don't know where all of them fell, but so far the

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Plaza del Carmen, Puerta del Sol, and Zepu's were hit. The rest we haven't accounted for yet. Well, I just wanted to be sure that you were all right. You'll excuse me now. There are a lot of things to be done."

"Just a moment," I said.

"Yes? "

"The man that shot those children this afternoon. You killed him in the car, didn't you? "

"Yes, immediately! "

"Good night," I said after a second.

"Good night."

From that night on Madrid was a nightmare. The bombings were repeated every day. With each new destruction the Rebels became bolder, finally coming at high noon to bomb the open market-places. In four days two thousand women and children were killed. Mothers were afraid to allow their children in the streets, husbands were afraid to allow their wives to go out in the daily search for food. Madrid was a city of destruction, mutilation, death.

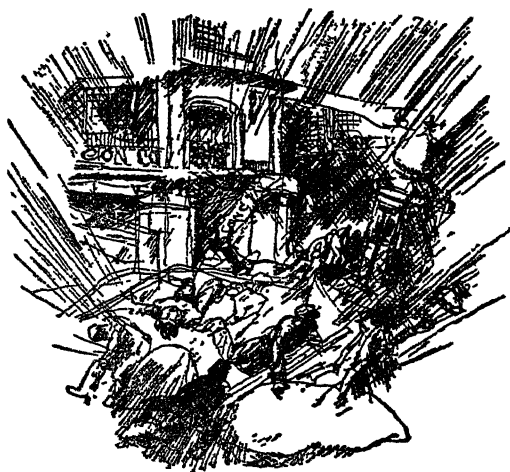
The day after the first bombing when I went down to the heart of the city one scene of destruction after another met my eyes. The Plaza del Carmen, one of the oldest market-places in Madrid, had been wiped out. The houses that circled it were half destroyed; the insides had been thoroughly gutted, and through the windows I saw the rooms still smouldering. Zepu's, the large modern chain-store building, looked grotesque as it leaned crazily; a bomb had fallen through its three stories, demolishing one entire side, and making a hole so deep that two men, one standing on another in it, could not see the street surface.

The most devastating destruction had occurred in the

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

Puerta del Sol, the nerve centre of Madrid. One bomb crashed through the surface to the subway, crippling transportation all over the city. Another bomb landed in the middle of the tramcar tracks, leaving them torn and twisted, writhing tortuously in the air.

There wasn't a crystal left in Madrid. One building



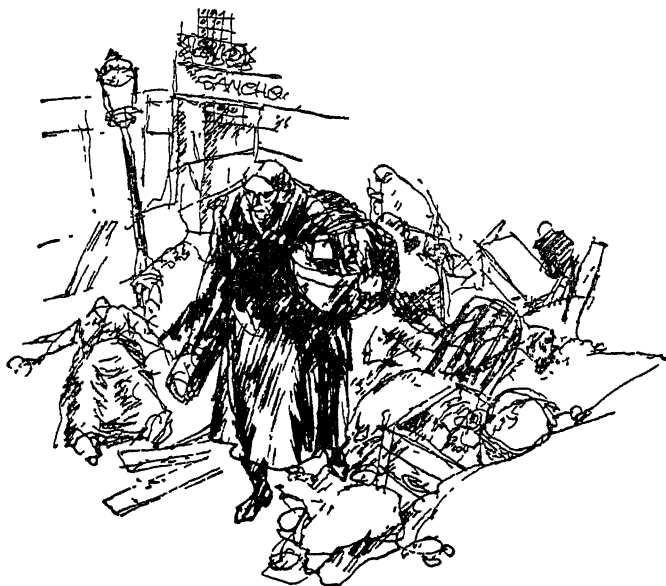
brought a smile even to the harassed Madrileño—the Banco Central. Famed for its large plate-glass windows which went the length of each floor, it now looked like one of those stage sets where the wall has been taken away and one can see a cross-section of the action within. The wind whipped the draperies out into the street, and passers-by could look in and see every one from the president down to the teller dressed in heavy overcoats going about their various duties. Causing as much damage as the bombs themselves were the fires that followed.

The Madrileño during these days proved that his easy-going air was not all surface or only for good times. After

## *Dancer in Madrid*

the first days of the bombardment, as much as was humanly possible, he tried to live a normal life. But it was very difficult to live a normal life.

Thousands of homeless people had to be taken care of, thousands of hungry people had to be fed. There was very



little food and no homes to give these people. Not only had the people come in from the outlying villages, but those who lived on the outskirts of the city itself, the working-class districts, had been forced to withdraw into the centre. Only those who lived in the exclusive and luxurious residential part of Madrid could feel themselves safe. The bombardment was confined to the business and poorer districts of the town.

All these unfortunates were living in the subway. The damp, cold platforms were packed with human beings

## *Are you Satisfied, Mr Eden?*

suffering from hunger and exposure. Most of them had been able to save only a mattress or a blanket, and these they shared with those who had even less. As each day passed and the subways became even more jammed the



stench and filth were incredible. Tired, apathetic mothers sat, surrounded by four or five children, not knowing which to turn to first.

Day by day, as things grew worse, and the enemy was only twenty miles, fifteen miles away, and the aeroplane raids claimed more and more victims, the bitterness of the Spanish people grew. They knew that not all the logic, not all the money nor all the will, was of any use if they didn't have the arms to fight with. And finally the papers

## *Dancer in Madrid*

began to express what was in everybody's heart. Over each day's report, four hundred women and children dead, two hundred women and children dead, five hundred women and children dead, was the searching caption:

*Are you satisfied, Mr Eden? This is what you asked for! This is Non-Intervention!*

### XIII

## *The Government has Arms*

*MADRID NO CAERA! La guerra comienza ahora porque es ahora cuando tenemos el material necesario.*

MADRID WILL NOT FALL! Now the war will begin, because now we have the necessary material.

LARGO CABALLERO, *December 16, 1936*

DURING the weeks that followed a sense of fatality, the necessity of savouring each moment as much as possible, came over every one. The nearness of death was at the back of every one's mind, and every one tried to do and feel in one day what he might not be there to experience to-morrow.

Jaime and I were caught in the same mood and *tempo* as the rest of Madrid. He was particularly nervous and preoccupied, and seemed to need me as never before. I, too, dreaded every separation. Yet when we were together we were as unhappy as when we were apart. His worries and activities kept intruding themselves upon us, even in those moments when we should have been closest.

I could not bring myself to ask him to what extent, or in what way, he was involved. Apart from the risk that he himself ran, which was an ever-present worry in my mind, I was further oppressed by the insistent repetition of the questions I had begun to ask myself the morning of the bombardment. Additional fuel had been added since then to my queries, doubts, and first tentative conclusions.

The parade. Four hours of marching soldiers. Only



## *Dancer in Madrid*

now was I beginning to realize its overwhelming meaning and the import and courage of those men. Then the killing of the children, the destruction of this city I had grown to love, and finally the suffering and heroism I saw around me every day.

In talking to Jaime I had not mentioned Señora Lazaro again. I had even apologized to him for my attitude towards her, and admitted that I had been hasty in my condemnation. She had turned out to be a much more pleasant companion than I had expected. Though she was away quite often, when she did put in an appearance she always brought a gift of some food or little delicacy. She explained that her former employers had been very fond of her and had given the food to her. At home she had assumed her share of the household duties after that first morning, and had it not been for Rosario's uncompromising hostility everything would have been pleasant.

Jaime's and my arguments on the Government and the Rebels usually boiled down to the two elemental opinions: Jaime's, who said that the Spanish people were not prepared for a democratic form of government, and my retort that if they weren't it was because they had been forced to submit to the oppression of precisely the form of government he wanted in power. All our arguments were confined to the elemental, principally because I had only a limited grasp of the facts and beliefs involved. I didn't feel, however, that his arguments were logical or contemporary; they were guided by those instincts which were created by his own special horizon.

It finally reached the point where we decided not to mention the political question at all. Our bitterness on the subject had increased to such an extent that we realized

## *The Government has Arms*

that if we weren't careful it might cause a break. Unfortunately I was the first to violate this agreement.

One evening there appeared in the papers the most gruesome story accompanied by two ghastly photographs. The story was this: A Loyalist aviator had been forced down behind the Rebel lines. As his 'plane burst into flames he had leaped from his machine and with an open parachute floated down into the hands of Franco's men. The following afternoon a Rebel 'plane circled over Madrid. As it flew over the Cuatro Caminos, one of the working-class sections, it had dropped a parachute weighted with a large wooden box. As it crashed into the busy street, dragging half a block, the people scattered in front of it. Not until some minutes later did the crowd have the courage cautiously to approach the box. The nailed boards were carefully prised open, and inside was the body of the aviator. His body had been thoroughly dismembered. From what one could see of his cut and slashed face the agonized expression showed that he had suffered some of his torture alive. A note was pinned to his staved-in chest. His parachute had been returned for any other aviator that might fall behind the Rebel lines. The two pictures showed first the opened box with the mutilated body as it had been discovered and secondly the dismembered limbs set out on a sheet.

The indignation of the people was beyond expression. The knowledge of what had happened was clearly written on every one's face. In the streets, in the hallways, waiting in lines, on the tramcars, no one could talk or think of anything else. Every one's agitation was concentrated on the fate of the aviator. As indignant and horrified as every one else, I burst into Jaime's office. Had he seen

## *Dancer in Madrid*

the pictures? Yes, he had. Wasn't it terrible? Jaime shrugged.

"It probably isn't true."

I looked at him incredulously.

"There are the pictures."

"They might have been faked."

"Nonsense, you can't fake a thing like that! Half of Madrid saw the thing fall!" Furiously I went on: "Even if you can't see it others will. Wait till this story gets out. The rest of the civilized world will surely do something now. These are the kind of people the Loyalists are fighting!"

"Listen, Janet," he said impatiently. "If it's true it's horrible. But really it isn't any worse than a lot of things that happened on both sides before this. Only this time it has been done for a psychological effect, and evidently it's had the desired effect."

But when we left I felt more irritated with him than I had ever felt before. Probably, had we not arranged to have dinner together, I would have gone home. But I realized that with the way we both felt at the moment any such action on my part would precipitate a crisis. All during dinner I was unable to overcome my mood. It was not until we reached the Aquarium Café that I began to regret my sullenness during the evening. We had not been to the Aquarium since that day in the Bombilla, and the recollection made me turn to Jaime with all the old tenderness. The *café* had changed—the huge water-tanks were now empty, the fish long since dead. The place was packed, and only with great difficulty were we able to obtain seats.

As we were sitting there thinking of how much had

## The Government has Arms

happened since our last visit three noisy unshaven *milicianos* stopped in front of our table. Boisterously they asked if they might join us, indicating that ours was the only table with three vacant chairs. Without waiting for our consent they sat down. Laughing and joking, they tried to include us in their good humour.



Like many others, they at first mistook my arm-band for the Red Cross insignia.

Looking in my direction, they said loudly and laughingly, "If we could have a nurse like that it would be a pleasure to stop a Fascist bullet."

"*Hombre!*" the other answered. "For those eyes I'd even be a Fascist!"

They had just come back from three months at the front and were bent on enjoying their leave. Jaime, however, was not the least bit interested. He remained unresponsive, gradually withdrawing into his dignity. Feeling the strained atmosphere, I began to laugh with two of them, but one kept watching Jaime, evidently offended at his unbending attitude. When they began to talk among themselves the one kept on eyeing Jaime. Finally he nudged one of his companions, evidently making some remark about Jaime's bearing. Neither of us was unaware of what was going on, but Jaime only looked more disagreeable and arrogant. But the unspoken animosity grew as Jaime's obvious disdain added fuel to the *miliciano's* irritation.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Suddenly the *miliciano's* arm shot across the table, and for a moment I thought he intended to strike Jaime. Instead, he drew Jaime's glass towards him.

"You don't mind, *camarada*," he said, laughing loudly, as if in good companionship, stressing the word "*camarada*."

He took a swallow of the drink and handed it back to Jaime.

"Now you drink," he commanded.

Jaime made no move, letting a smile freeze on his lips.

"You see, after three months at the front I may have forgotten my manners," the *miliciano* continued, "but you won't mind drinking after me, I'm sure, *camarada*? Or"—as Jaime drew back—"don't you wish to share a drink with us? "

He leaned even closer and pushed the glass under Jaime's nose. Jaime instinctively drew back. The other two *milicianos* were now included in the game, and I noticed their expressions harden as they unsmilingly watched Jaime.

"Drink it," I said to him in English. "Don't be a fool."

As though he had been asked to drink poison, he slowly took the glass and forced himself to a swallow. The *miliciano's* eyes did not leave him until he took another swallow, and then another, finally emptying the glass. Every one relaxed.

The *miliciano* patted Jaime on the back, and then, taking out tobacco and cigarette-papers, he started to roll a cigarette. He rolled two, and as he wet the second one with his tongue he lifted his eyes and looked across at Jaime.

## *The Government has Arms*

Finishing, he handed the cigarette across, saying to Jaime, "One for you, and one for me."

But now I knew from the expression on Jaime's face that rather than submit to further humiliation he would risk being killed.

As the *miliciano* stood there with the cigarette in his outstretched hand I leaned over and took it.

"If you don't mind I'll take this. My escort never smokes."

There was nothing the *miliciano* could do. He lit my cigarette for me and leaned back. But from then until the moment we left the three never took their eyes off Jaime, making remarks among themselves, laughing loudly. They would lean over and pat Jaime jovially on the back. Goading him, they forced him to pretend a *camaraderie* they knew very well he did not share.

As soon as we could, I suggested that we leave, fearing every moment that Jaime would lose control and express his true feelings.

We were no sooner out of earshot than he exploded.

"That's what I mean—crass swine like those who know only how to make themselves obnoxious! Imagine anyone obeying their dictates. Those are your precious people that you are so very concerned about. Killing is too good for them——"

"But, Jaime——" I tried to interrupt, wanting to say that, after all, the men had just come back from the front and were in high fettle.

"Killing is too good for them. Every damn' one should be cut up and dropped from parachutes!"

"Jaime!"

"I mean it!"

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"You're insane," I cried. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, I do know what I'm saying. You're the one who doesn't."

"Nothing justifies your saying that."

"For God's sake, will you stop being such a child! Naturally, I don't mean they should be cut up. You don't have to pick me up on every word."

We had turned and gone down a side street. As he began to talk to me some of his fury abated.

"There's only one thing to do—we can't go on this way."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He stopped.

"You're going to have to make a decision."

I started to open my mouth, but he stopped me.

"Listen to me for a second. I want to talk. Afterwards you can say what you have to say. You're going to have to decide what means more to you: our relationship, our love—or what you think is your political ideal. It seems to me ridiculous to be talking to you like this, because you don't know what a political ideal is. You've been in Spain three and a half months, you're an outsider—yes, you are. Your only right to become involved is the fact that you are to be my wife. Wait a second——" Growing angry myself, I had started to interrupt him. "And yet, Janet, I find I have to fight and argue with you more than anyone else. You're being swept away by your headstrong emotions without understanding any of the real facts. You're going at this as you've always gone at everything. You always leap blindly, impetuously, into something new, something that you find interesting,

## *The Government has Arms*

never looking to see where it will lead you, nor what the consequences may mean, not only for you, but for those who love you."

"But that isn't fair, Jaime. I have a right to my opinions, no matter how childish they may seem to you."

"That isn't the point, Janet. Keep on having whatever opinion you want. I shan't try to change you any more. But I don't want you to make my life miserable, trying to bring me round to your point of view, which in any case I cannot take seriously. And next time you feel you must do something to help your *cause*"—he gave the word an ironical emphasis—"remember that the people who really know what they want are doing much more than talking. You talk and make a fuss. I believe sufficiently to risk my life to do something about it." Again I started to interrupt, but once more he stopped me. "You don't have to give me your answer now. Only remember this one thing: you are not the same as you were in Mexico, or even three and a half months ago when you first came to Madrid. How deep, how important this change is, only your decision will tell me."

For the last two days there had not been an air raid.

With the typical Madrileño humour people told one another in mock commiseration, "*Pobrecitos!* Poor things, they ran out of bombs. Now they have to wait for more."

But now, on the third day, every one felt sure that this could not last. Where the two days before had been bleak and grey, the third broke bright and clear. In the north great storm clouds mounted towards the sun. The rest of the sky was an unbroken blue.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

The two days' respite had given the city a chance to repair some of the damage done and re-establish a normal routine. The news of the arrival of a special food convoy had further stimulated the spirit of the people. Early morning found the streets crowded for the first time in a week. Rosario and I too had queued in a line two blocks long. We were waiting for fish.

It was one-thirty and we were almost at the door of the fish-market when, from the west, we heard the first low distant droning of 'planes. We turned and looked. The drone increased and yet there was nothing to be seen. Then I realized that we had been listening to this drone for a long time, much longer than usual, and yet the 'planes were not in sight. But in a few seconds I knew why. An unbroken black line was drawn across the sky. Instead of five 'planes there were twenty-five. So great was the number it almost seemed hopeless to seek shelter. Rosario swore under her breath, and added, "What will be left this time?" The 'planes drew nearer. Now the line broke and shaped into a more ominous formation.

Then abruptly the air split in thunder; the noise was deafening. It could not all be from the approaching 'planes. Our minds, dulled by fear and the realization of the events that would take place within the next few minutes, slowly grasped the fact that the added noise was coming from the opposite direction.

More 'planes!

This was the end of Madrid! The end of the world!

Fascinated, we watched the new 'planes approach. From the distance they looked as black and threatening as the others. But as they drew nearer they seemed

## *The Government has Arms*

lighter, more grey than black. They weren't black! They were silver!

And over our heads they rushed, hurtling on towards the black 'planes!

Now we knew they were ours! With a tumultuous shout we were all out in the middle of the street. I took Rosario by the hand, and the people around us began to laugh, incredulously, like children. The 'planes had met.

At the first volley from the machine-guns every one stood still and stared into the sky. In the opening *mêlée* it was impossible to distinguish which was which; 'planes droned, twisted, dived, turned, came together and separated, and over all was the unceasing staccato firing of the machine-guns. Twice 'planes fell from the sky, a broad plume of black smoke tracing their descent. It was still impossible to distinguish who had the advantage, when suddenly four 'planes emerged from the confusion and swiftly winged west. From then on the rest followed in rapid succession. As each one left an exultant shout broke out in the streets. The number of 'planes decreasing, we could see more clearly the fighting that was taking place, and distinguish the individual combat. Now it became obvious that the silver 'planes had the advantage and why they had it. Each turn, each twist, and each dive was made with an incredible skill. In and out and around they flew like silver darts. Then two more black 'planes fell and the rest turned, the silver 'planes behind.



In the streets the people were hysterical with joy. I embraced Rosario. Every one was laughing again.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

“ *Viva la Republica!* ”

The Government at last had 'planes.

These 'planes marked the first aid sent by Soviet Russia. They were followed by food, clothing for the soldiers, and finally the long awaited, desperately needed armaments. The *moral* and hopes of the people mounted each day until on the night of October 28, to be exact, Madrid broke into a wild celebration. In the papers that evening appeared an official *communiqué* from the Minister of War, Largo Caballero.

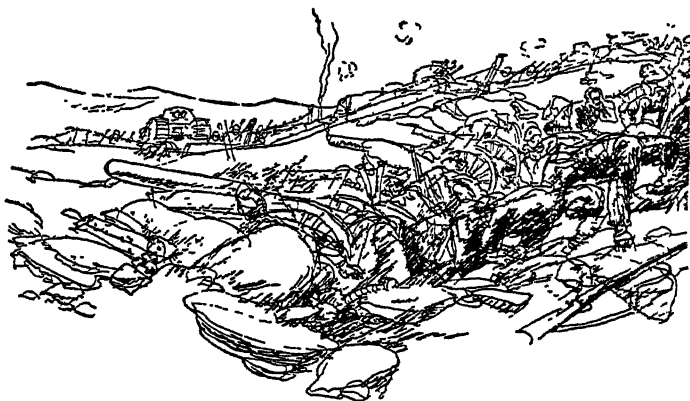
### TO THE ARMED FORCES—TO THE ARMY OF THE CENTRE

The Fascist bands in their long march towards Madrid have used up energy, have weakened their forces. Therefore the hour has arrived to deliver the death-blow. While the traitors are losing blood and weakening their efficiency our troops have gained in cohesion and number. Their attacking power has been multiplied. *In this moment we have at last in our hands a formidable armament—we have tanks and powerful aviation!*

The tanks and the air force are an important arm in reducing the enemy, but in themselves the arms, comrades, are insufficient for a victorious counter-offensive. They require that you put at their service your revolutionary will to fight. The destructive fire of the tanks and aviators should be completed by the push of the infantry. That which the fire of the tanks and the aeroplanes accomplishes should pass into your hands and into a vigorous attack that cannot be repulsed. The infantry must destroy in its entirety what remains of the Fascist column and take possession of its arms. Attention, comrades! To-morrow—October 29—at dawn our artillery and our armoured trains will open on the enemy in its most

## *The Government has Arms*

vulnerable spots, sowing seeds of panic in its line. This will be the hour in which all combatants, on receiving orders from their chiefs, should throw themselves impetuously against the enemy, attacking until complete annihilation is achieved. The traitors who have arisen because of the lies and intrigues and compulsion of the aforesaid forces, whom you are to follow until death, will at last receive their due punishment from the



people. Our wives, our sisters, our sons, whom they intend to convert into their victims, will be saved by the impulse of your rage. *Now that we have tanks and aeroplanes, forward, comrades of the front, heroic sons of the workers—victory is ours!*

In the *cafés* the news was received with shouts and cries. Perfect strangers turned to one another to shake hands and offer a drink in honour of the moment. In the *café* where I was one man rose and invited every one present to drink at his expense. Confidently, a quick victory for the Loyalists was predicted.

But the big offensive did not succeed. In fact, it resulted in great defeats and losses for the Loyalist forces. The soldiers were exhausted and crushed by the beating

## *Dancer in Madrid*

they had been taking for the past months. Used to being helpless before the tanks and artillery of the enemy, now they were afraid to rush in after their own tanks had cleared the way. In addition they still lacked efficient military leadership. Defeat followed defeat. Day by day the enemy crept closer, but still no one would believe that they could ever reach Madrid.

XIV

*Dirección General de Seguridad*

SINCE Jaime had given me his ultimatum I was wrestling with the answer day and night. No matter what I saw or what I did it seemed to have some bearing on my eventual decision. I knew that such an important decision could not be made without much thought and consideration. Whichever way I decided my whole life would be affected. I had to face the fact that much of what Jaime said was true. I was not the same person I had been six months ago.

The problem was one for which I needed as much objectivity as I could command. It wasn't an abstraction, but an elemental, concrete question.

Living in Spain meant that our whole life would be coloured by the outcome of this political issue. In this generation in Spain even love is dominated by devotion to a social belief. If I, as an outsider, found it difficult to compromise, how could Jaime do so? Yet I couldn't give him up. So I let each day pass with the childish hope that, as it sometimes does, the problem would evaporate of its own accord.

Then one day I arrived home, and my decision was made for me. Outside the house I saw an official car with two guards seated in the front; in the hallway a group of my fellow-boarders were standing round the *portera's* door; when I came in they fell quiet and looked at me curiously. Inside the apartment sat two *milicianos*.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

The moment I entered Rosario was at my side; and as I looked questioningly at the two men, she began in French, "Listen, little one, don't be afraid. You've done nothing wrong. You simply must explain the true facts."



One *miliciano* took her by the arm.

"If you have anything to say," he commanded, "say it in Spanish."

Now I noticed that the apartment had been searched. Everything had been turned upside-down, and catching a glimpse through the door into the bedroom, I could see that my bed had been torn apart.

"Where have you been?" demanded the taller of the *milicianos*, the one that had taken Rosario by the arm.

"What do you mean—where have I been?" I was afraid, but at the same time I realized the importance of remaining calm.

"We've been waiting for you all afternoon."

"I've been at the Embassy."

"What were you doing there?" he asked suspiciously.

"Getting my letters."

"You see, that's what I told you." Rosario turned to him.

"May I ask what this is all about?" I said.

"You'll have to wait for Camarada Garcia to return."

"When will he be back?"

## *Dirección General de Seguridad*

"Very soon," replied the *miliciano* briefly.

"Then I assume that I am to be detained?"

"Yes."

"May I use the telephone?" I asked.

"No."

I thought of Jaime, believing that he might be able to help me. I turned to Rosario and spoke in French again.

"What is it all about?"

"That Lazaro woman——"

"Speak in Spanish!" commanded the *miliciano* angrily.

Camarada Garcia came into the room. He was a young, stern-looking man in a leather jacket. "Señorita Riesefeld?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You know a woman called Amparo Lazaro?"

"Yes."

His manner was courteous, but disconcertingly direct.

"In what capacity do you know her?"

"As a companion."

"What is this lady here?" He pointed to Rosario.

"She's a very dear friend of mine. We——"

He cut me short. "I see."

"What do you know about Señora Lazaro?" he continued.

"Well, I know that she's married—that her husband and brothers are fighting at the front——"

"What front?"

"I don't know."

"What are her brothers' names?"

"I don't know."

"Where does she come from?"



## *Dancer in Madrid*

"I don't know."

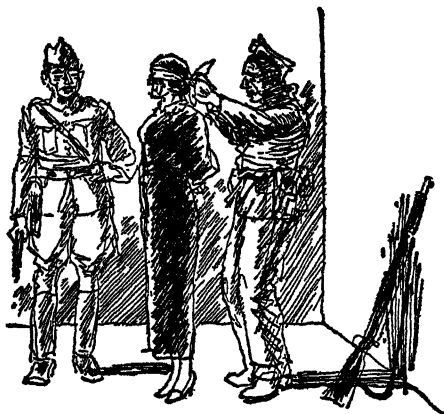
"How long have you known her?"

"Almost three weeks."

"How long has she been living with you?"

"Almost three weeks."

He consulted a small pad. "Since October 16?"



"About then, yes."

"Through whom did you meet this woman?"

I stopped.

"Through whom did you meet Señora Lazaro?" he repeated.

I quickly sought for a way to avoid answering this question. "I refuse to answer any more questions until you tell me what this is all about."

"I'm sorry—that's impossible."

"I'm sure if you ask Señora Lazaro she will tell you that I am in no way involved in whatever you may suspect her of."

"I'm sorry—that's also impossible. Señora Lazaro was apprehended and shot this morning."

## *Dirección General de Seguridad*

There was a pause. I looked at Rosario, then back at Camarada Garcia. His manner was still courteous.

"Well . . . But surely she must have said something before . . . She must have explained that I——"

"I'm sorry, señorita, Señora Lazaro did not explain anything. I must ask you again—through whom did you meet Señora Lazaro?"

Again I stopped. Then, as if divining a new fear that leapt to my mind, Camarada Garcia turned to Rosario.

"Do you know how Señorita Riesenfeld was introduced to Señora Lazaro?"

"No," replied Rosario sullenly.

"Did you ever have any conversations with her?"

"No," said Rosario; "I did not like the woman from the first."

When I later asked Rosario why she did not mention Jaime in an attempt to save me she told me that she had every intention of doing so. But she realized if my true relationship with Jaime was disclosed it could only implicate me further. Now the tall *miliciano* turned to Camarada Garcia. Rapidly he began to say that I had wanted to use the telephone. Camarada Garcia turned back to me.

"Whom did you wish to call?" he asked.

"The American Embassy," I lied.

I saw I had an opening.

"Have you informed the Embassy that I am to be detained?" I asked.

"I have only my order to arrest you. That you will find out at the Dirección. Now will you please come with us?"

We started to leave when the other *miliciano* tapped

## *Dancer in Madrid*

Garcia on the shoulder, pointing to Rosario, "What about that woman—don't you want to take her?"

"No—I have no orders for her arrest."

By the time we arrived at the Dirección it was dark. Camarada Garcia led me up the steps and into a brightly lighted hallway. He stopped in front of a door and pushed it open.

"Would you mind stepping in here?" he asked, holding the door for me.

He switched on the light. The room was a small one, and evidently served as an office. There were two chairs, a desk, and in the corner a coat-rack.

"Perhaps you will be able to make yourself comfortable," he said.

He went out and shut the door. In the hallway I could hear him addressing one of the *milicianos*, stationing him on guard outside the room.

I was alone for what must have been three hours. For a while I listened as the footsteps came and went in the hall. I began to think of what had happened. So Jaime had involved me! I began to move about the room. Why had he done it? He must have been desperate. How little he must have thought of me! Did he love me? Yes—but . . . But what? Then I realized that Jaime had given me the answer he had requested. He had shown me that what I had not wanted to believe was true, that for him there was something greater than our love, and that for me there might possibly be the same thing. And at that moment I felt only a sympathy and a pity for him. How much it must have cost him to do this!

I went to the window and looked out. The street was black. I wondered what was going to happen to me,

## *Dirección General de Seguridad*

and how long it would be before Garcia would return. What should I do for my own defence? Then I thought of Jaime again—if I believed so much in my views, could I now betray him? No! I could not. Even if it might prove fatal to me I could not—though, looking at it honestly, it would probably not prove fatal. I was an American citizen, and that, at least, guaranteed me a certain special consideration. This office, rather than my being in gaol, was probably part of that consideration.

It was not until almost nine o'clock that Camarada Garcia returned.

“Would you please come with me?”

We went out of the room and along the corridor. Now several of the lights had been turned down. We came to the end and went up a flight of stairs and along another short hall to the right. On the walls arrows were painted, pointing in the direction of the various departments—for passports, for identification, for the offices of the different heads.

At the end of the hall we passed through a double door into a long room with a low ceiling and a shiny parquet floor. In the middle was a wide table. Behind it sat a man with grey hair.

Camarada Garcia brought me almost to the edge of the table, facing the elderly official. Another man entered from a door in the back and came and stood next to the table.

“Señorita Riesenfeld?” The elderly official began the questioning.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

I nodded. Garcia had taken my passport and the man now had it in his hand. His voice was friendly.

"You have danced in many of the benefits for the soldiers?"

"Yes."

"Ah." He smiled in sympathy.

For the first time I lost some of my fear.

"We are sorry to disturb you, señorita, but it is necessary that we have some information. I am sure that your sympathies are correct, but there are certain things that must be cleared up before we can release you."

He began very much the same questions that Camarada Garcia had asked at the apartment. When he also told me that Lazaro had been shot I asked him on what charge.

"For smuggling munitions to Franco's snipers," he answered soberly.

And then again the question: "Through whom did you meet this woman?"

Again I fell behind the defence of the American Embassy and the fact that I was an American citizen.

"Then if you are guilty that makes your crime doubly grave."

"But I'm not guilty!" I protested.

"Then why can't you tell us?"

"Because I cannot. But I swear to you that I knew nothing about this Lazaro woman, and nothing about her supplying arms."

"But she was in your house for three weeks."

"But I hardly ever saw her."

"Why did you take her in your home?"

"As a favour—she had nowhere to go. I understood

## *Dirección General de Seguridad*

that she was ill and that her husband and brothers were at the front fighting."

Again they asked me, and again I refused. The official turned to the man who had come in from the other office. For a moment they talked in a low tone, then the old man turned to Garcia.

"Take her back downstairs."

We turned and went out of the room, back along the halls and down the stairs. Now it was quiet and the sound of our steps rang out. Once again I was in the little office, and outside I could hear Garcia stationing another *miliciano* in front of the door.

It was after midnight when the door opened and José Maria stood there. He smiled, and stood aside to let Rosario in.

"Rosario! José Maria! "

I couldn't say any more. All the strain of the last few hours seemed to submerge me, so that I couldn't help the tears that came to my eyes.

Rosario came over to me, and brusquely trying to cover her feelings, said, "Come on, put on your coat; we're going! "

"Where? " I asked.

"Home! "

"But how——"

Rosario interrupted me. "We'll tell you everything when we get home. But now let's get out of here! "

We made our way out of the hollow-sounding old building. Parked in front of the side entrance I saw one of the Press cars. José Maria motioned me to get in, and we started home. The streets were ink-black: not a light blinked in the whole city. The car used only the

## *Dancer in Madrid*

dimmiest headlights. Every few blocks we were stopped to give the password. As neither José Maria nor Rosario spoke a word all the way I assumed that they didn't want to say anything in front of the driver and the other *militiano* sitting next to him. In complete silence the car drew up in front of my house and we got out. The *militiano* held his flashlight so that we could see to unlock the entrance to the building. I expected José Maria to come in for a few minutes at least, but he only escorted us to the door and said good night.

"You'd better go to bed right away, Janet. Don't talk about it to-night. I'll call you to-morrow."

Naturally we were no sooner inside than I made Rosario tell me everything that had happened. She explained that as soon as we had left she had tried to call José Maria at his office. He was not there. Frantically she rushed down to the Press Building. The man on guard told her that he had left at noon with Izcarray and Zimorra and wouldn't be back until late. However, she found out that they would surely, sooner or later, return to the Press Building, as they had to hand in their stories upstairs.

It was nine o'clock when José Maria arrived. She quickly told him what had happened.

I interrupted. "Did you tell him about Jaime?"

"Don't be so naïve," she answered. "You think that none of your friends know that you are in love with Jaime, but you can't put anything over on José Maria. Before I had a chance he told me."

They had gone to his office, and José Maria started to telephone. By ten-thirty they were at the Dirección, and he had spent over an hour with the Dirección officials.

## *Dirección General de Seguridad*

The next morning I awoke at daybreak. I had resolved to go and see Jaime and tell him that everything was over between us.

I was in his office more than half an hour before he arrived. When he saw me he hurried across the room and tried to take me in his arms, but I pushed him away.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Where have you been? I was frightfully worried. I tried until midnight to reach you, and this morning before I left the house I called, but there was never any answer."

"I was probably on my way down here."

"But where were you last night?"

"At the Dirección General de Seguridad," I said, looking him full in the face. He made a nervous gesture. I continued, "Lazaro was apprehended yesterday morning and executed almost immediately afterwards! I don't need to tell you what she was accused of. I was arrested as her accomplice."

"*Mimo!*" He started towards me, but dropped his arms almost at once and stepped back.

"You can't understand, can you? You think that I don't love you." He sat down heavily opposite me.

I shook my head. "You're wrong, I do understand. I——"

"Darling, I——"

I interrupted, "Don't try to explain, Jaime. I know everything you're going to say: that you didn't think she would really get caught; that the American Embassy could help me. That's all beside the point."

Jaime was pacing the floor nervously, hardly listening to my words.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

He interrupted, "Did the Embassy have any difficulty in getting you out?"

"The Embassy had nothing to do with it. It was José Maria who saved me. But let's not waste time talking about that. You have to get away. They will surely come after you next!"

"How do you know? Did you mention my name in connexion with Lazaro?"

"No, but——"

"Oh, I see; you think that José Maria may have?"

"If he did, Jaime, he did it only to save me. You know very well José Maria could have made trouble for you long ago had he wanted to."

Jaime sat down beside me.

"What are you going to do, Janet?" he asked.

"What is there to do?" I said dully. "There is no more decision to make. If you could do this to me I might be capable of doing it to you some day. We couldn't live like that, could we? Each of us afraid to say what we really felt or were doing. I wouldn't trust you and you wouldn't trust me. At least I know where I stand now."

"*Mimo!*"

"I'm going to try to go back to America as soon as I can, Jaime. I probably shan't see you again."

There was nothing more to say. I turned to go, then turned back again.

"Jaime," I faltered, "I'm so afraid for you. Is there nothing——?"

He gave me a searching look, made as if to come towards me, then shook his head.

"Don't worry about me," he said briefly; "there's nothing any more—nothing."

XV

*Siege*

*No Pasaran! El Fascismo quiere conquistar Madrid. Madrid sera la tumba del Fascismo.*

They Shall Not Pass! Fascism wants to conquer Madrid. Madrid will be the tomb of Fascism.

DOLORES IBARRURI ("LA PASIONARIA")

TWO mornings later, with the coming of a grey and cold dawn, Madrid awoke to the thunder of cannons booming in the distance. With the first flush of light the sound was faint and far away, and no one was sure of what it meant. There was talk of the Loyalist troops doing target practice, but no one believed this. By early afternoon the roar had increased to such an extent that each reverberation echoed through the dismal streets.

Madrid was stunned. In the morning the sound had come from only one direction. But now, as the sound hemmed us in from every side, it told more clearly than any words exactly what was taking place. Each added cannon spoke for itself. The city was being surrounded. By nightfall the shells began dropping into the streets and we knew that the Rebels were at the gates!

Franco's troops were closing in on all sides. By morning, from the roof of any of the taller buildings, with a pair of field-glasses, one could see them. Soldiers were already encamped across the Manzanares in the Casa del Campo; others were moving near the Puente de Toledo; and on the third side a section of the enemy was approaching the Vallecas district.

Accustomed though the people had become to the

## *Dancer in Madrid*

sound of falling bombs, the unceasing thunder of the cannons struck terror into every one's heart.

How can I describe the spirit of the people in the desperate week that followed? Without hope of victory they preferred to die rather than surrender one inch more to Franco's men. And the civilian population swore that



they would pile their bodies in a high wall for Franco to climb over before he took the cemetery that was Madrid.

Hectically Madrid prepared its defence. All available troops were rushed to the outskirts of the city. Thousands of men and women hastened to be mobilized, offering their services wherever they might most be needed. Baricades were thrown up in the streets. Instructions were distributed as to how the house-to-house fighting was to be carried on. Every house was a fortress and every one in it a soldier for the Republic.

But there was little hope that the Loyalists would be able to keep the enemy out. How slowly the days dragged! The relief and gratitude felt as night fell and

## Siege

another day had passed without the entry of the enemy was poisoned by the fear that to-morrow might see them marching up the Gran Via. Day by day the people breathed the prayer, "If only we can hold out the first week we'll have a chance." In the *cafés* every one was silent, men drumming their heads, only speaking to say desperately, "If only we can hold out this one week we'll have a chance!" The paper to print the newspapers was running out and the morning editions appeared in the streets with only one sheet. But one did not need the newspapers to know the war news; it was taking place only a few blocks away.

The nearness of the enemy can be judged by this one instance: if you entered the subway at the Puerta del Sol and rode some ten stations, when you got out you would emerge in the midst of the Rebel lines.

Walking in the streets became as dangerous as walking on a battlefield. At first frightened people sought the protection of their homes, not even daring to venture out for food. They preferred to go hungry rather than be caught in the street. But soon the home was no more of a protection than the street. Whole families sitting in a dining-room were annihilated as a freak shell burst into the room and exploded. A young girl dressing in her bedroom was killed, her head blown off as she bent to pull on her stockings—a stray fragment of shrapnel had sped through her window.

The Junta worked indefatigably. First, the care of the wounded; the thousands of casualties among the civilian population jammed the hospitals to overflowing. There was no rest, day or night, for the doctors and nurses. Not only were there the bomb victims, but those who were

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rescued from the burning buildings following the nightly air raids. Ambulances were stationed in the middle of the Gran Via every few blocks to take care of the hundreds of daily emergencies. There were more and more appeals made for blood transfusions for the wounded soldiers and



hurt civilians. Gladly women stood hours in line in front of the hospitals waiting for their turn to make this donation. Unfortunately, where alleviation might have been brought to many of the sufferers, a shortage of narcotics made even this impossible. Many operations were performed without the aid of anesthetics. In the chemists' shops even the mildest sedative was controlled and required a prescription.

The Junta had for some time been trying to evacuate the children. Now this work was rushed forward.

Nevertheless, the feeding of a hundred thousand extra people in Madrid became a major problem. There was

## Siege

not enough food to feed even its original population, and thousands were still pouring into the heart of the city.

The commercial life of the city was arranged in such a manner that the people who worked in the shops would also be able to devote some of their time to whatever defence work had been assigned to them. All food shops were open from the morning until two in the afternoon and did not reopen again. The dry-goods shops—those that still had any merchandise left—opened at three-thirty, closing at six-thirty. It was impossible to find such things as warm sweaters, heavy underclothing, or blankets. Lines had already formed to purchase a pair of shoes.

The only theatres that remained open were the Capital and the Monumental. These two were used for the exhibition of Russian pictures, and shorts showing the action on the Loyalist front or instructions on the use of firearms. Before each performance a *miliciano* would stand up in front of the screen and address the people. He would speak on the defence of Madrid, and make an explanation of the picture and its bearing on the current strife.

These pictures served a definite purpose, stimulating the *moral* of the people, and in particular of the militia. Screens were even set up on the fronts, and the soldiers were given a chance to see a picture during a lull in the fighting. There was the story of Antonio Coll, an eighteen-year-old boy who saw a Russian film called *We are from Kronstadt*. In this picture a young Russian sailor courageously attacks, single-handed, a large tank belonging to the White Guard. He captures it after throwing two hand-grenades, but is crushed under it while throwing the third. But Antonio Coll proved that pictures must always remain a pale portrayal of real life. Single-handed,

## *Dancer in Madrid*

with the aid of half a dozen grenades, he blew up five Rebel tanks before he was killed, crushed beneath the fifth.

I shall never forget the unreal sensation I had one day when I went to the Monumental and saw one of these Russian pictures. The Monumental is almost in the working-class district, and was not more than ten blocks away from the front. On the screen I watched a picture that showed a battle scene. The sound of the cannons and shots, amplified to the highest pitch, deafened our ears. Yet they were not half as loud to us as the deeper reverberations of the artillery outside, which we heard during every lull on the screen.

A few nights later I sat in the same theatre at a monster mass meeting for the defence of Madrid. The building was so tightly packed that it was almost impossible to breathe. On the stage were the representatives of every political party in Spain. The meeting was broadcast directly to Barcelona, where thousands were listening in, standing in the streets before loudspeakers. Companys, the President of Catalonia, was to speak by radio at this same meeting, expressing for the first time the solidarity of the Catalan people with the people of Madrid. Already thousands of Catalan troops were on their way to Madrid.

One deputy after another rose, speaking to the people, telling them how much depended on the resisting of Franco during this week. There was applause and shouts, and every one believed that what the speakers were crying was right and necessary—but the spirit was lacking. It was not the applause of an inspired revolutionary people. It was formal, stilted. But now a woman got up and stood in the middle of the stage.

Dolores Ibarruri—La Pasionaria!

## Siege

Her name does not mean, as you read in the newspapers, the Passion-flower, but Dolores the Passionate One, Dolores the Ardent One. Nor is she the flashing, sleek-haired Spanish dancer you are led to believe. Instead, she is a tired, rather sad-looking woman of forty. Compactly built, her hair is streaked with grey. Born into a poor Asturian miner's family, as a young girl she was a waitress in a small *café*. With the miserable wage she earned there she managed to save enough to buy the books for her education. Brought up among the working people, living their oppression, no one has a better understanding of their needs. She married a school professor, a liberal, who was killed in the 1934 uprising. He was taking the part of the people against those same individuals who are responsible for the outbreak in Spain to-day. The death of her husband only spurred La Pasionaria on in her fight for the liberation of her people. Tireless, she works as much as twenty hours a day. Her activities are so numerous that one does not know to-day where she may be to-morrow. She holds a vital post in the Government. She has led women's battalions into active fighting. But, more than anything, she has gone from front to front, from country to country, spreading the message of Spain's fight for democracy. Her speeches have animated a whole people, and her words are the slogan of that people. No matter where you go you may see banners bearing her words: "*España prefiere morir de pie que vivir de rodilla*" ("Spain prefers to die on her feet rather than live on bended knee").

That night as she began to speak her voice was hoarse. It hardly carried to those at the back. For a moment all felt a fear that perhaps La Pasionaria too had lost hope.



## *Dancer in Madrid*

“ I have spoken so much lately that I am hoarse—I did not believe that I would be able to speak to-night. But because we know the importance of this meeting I felt I must come if only for a short time.”

One hour later La Pasionaria finished speaking. Her voice, at first hoarse and strained, grew firm, and, as if by her very will she would defy even the limitations of her own strength, its volume increased and her words soared, filling the whole theatre. For an hour she spoke—and where the others had spoken in general terms of the courage and spirit of the people she spoke in specific terms. She outlined the needs of the city and the soldiers at the front; she told what was being done and what else had to be done; what sacrifices had been made, and what further sacrifices would be required if the enemy was to be stopped. And as she talked, drawing from her own wealth of experience and knowledge, it was understood that she, more than anyone, had supplied many of those needs and was willing to make the necessary sacrifices. Many times that night we had cried “ *No Pasaran!* ” but when she cried these words she added, “ We cannot merely cry these words any more. For months we have said to all the world, ‘ *No Pasaran,* ’ and now they are at our gates. Now we must prove that in truth—*No Pasaran.* ”

Every one who left the theatre that night had overcome the fear and despair that had prevailed during the week. Every one went out with the firm assurance that indeed “ They Would Not Pass.”

The first to arrive for the defence of Madrid were the Catalans. They came in numberless regiments. Banners were strung across the street welcoming the Catalan

## *Siege*

brothers. Now where were all the old differences as Madrileños embraced Catalans and they went into the trenches side by side?

During the first week the First International Battalion went into action. Made up of every nationality in the world, French, Austrians, English, Americans, Italians, workers and sympathizers from every country, it was the most perfectly trained and disciplined unit in Spain. They were entrusted with the Bridge of the French, located at the end of the Bombilla. In face of the concentrated fire of Franco's heavy artillery, his bombing 'planes, his crack troops, and modern German tanks they held this position. When three-quarters of the battalion were wiped out they still managed to hold back the enemy by blowing up the bridge. When reinforcements arrived Franco's troops had not gained a foot.

The day after my rupture with Jaime I had made inquiries as to how I would be able to leave Spain. I had wired my parents, hoping that the cable would reach them, to send money to Paris for my return passage. But I had been precipitate. I soon found that there was no way of leaving Madrid. There were no 'planes and no train service. The only method of getting out was by car, and there was no car to be had. I appealed to the Embassy, but the best they could do was to offer me shelter there, thinking my desire to leave was motivated by fear. I had seen José Maria a number of times. It was with him that I had gone to the Monumental. But he expected to leave at any moment and go into active fighting. The Militia of the Press had disbanded. Villatora was fighting with the troops in the west. All the rest of our little band had scattered and were fighting under various

## *Dancer in Madrid*

commanders. Only Zimorra, Izcarray, and José Maria went on their daily rounds for news. Standing in the trenches with the soldiers, literally they wrote with one hand and shot with the other. Izcarray was wounded at the Bridge of the French with the First International Battalion. Shot in the arm, the following day found him back on his job with his arm in a sling.



Though there were long hours when the increasing chaos kept my mind free from Jaime, the rest of the time I could not tear my thoughts away from him. As I went from one part of Madrid to the other everything I saw recalled to me the times that I had walked the same streets with him. In my apartment I avoided even looking at the telephone. Yet how many times I took up the receiver only to set it down.

Each day I walked by his office, although it was out of my way, hoping that I might catch him just as he was coming out. But I never saw him.

One afternoon when I passed the Bureau was closed. The iron grille had been pulled down over the windows and door, and a sign read, "Requisitioned."

I knew from that moment what had happened, and although I hoped blindly and desperately against what the logic of my intuition told me, when the end came it was not unexpected. Running most of the way, I went to Jaime's *pension*. When I rang the door was opened by the owner herself. We stood looking at each other, I breathlessly trying to speak.

Before I could begin she said, "They took them all—

## *Siege*

my sister too." It was obvious that she had been weeping.

"When? How?" I asked.

"At one o'clock last night—they asked specially for him."

"Where did they take them?"

She gave me the name of a Commissariat to which they had been taken. Thanking her hastily, I rushed out. I hurried along the Castellana. I knew the Commissariat. I wanted to reach there before dark. I thought if I could get in touch with him I might be able to do whatever he suggested, or at least get him transferred to the Dirección.

It began to rain. When I arrived in front of the Commissariat the thin drizzle was a downpour. Formerly an enormous private villa, the place had been turned into a detention headquarters. Thick trees hid the building. Finding the heavy door barred, I walked to the end of the building and turned up the side street. Stopping in front of a solid iron gate I rang a bell in defiance of a sign which read, "No entry. Don't ring!" At first no one came and I rang again. After five minutes, when I had pushed the bell persistently, the gate swung slowly open and a guard cautiously stuck out his head.

"Can't you read the sign?" he asked belligerently.

"What do you want here?"

"I must come in. There is some one I must see."

"You can't come in." He started to push the gate shut. "No one can come in."

I put my body between the gate and the post.

"You must let me in!" I cried.

His eyes fell on the American arm-band.

## *Dancer in Madrid*

"I'm sorry, you can't come in here. What is it that you want?"

"At least, tell me—have you a Jaime Castanys detained here?"

"I wouldn't know."

"You must—let me find out, or go and find out for me. Please."

He looked me up and down and then drew out a sheet of yellow paper from his inside pocket. Holding it so that I couldn't see it, and sheltering it from the rain with his cape, he began to inspect the paper.

Anxiously I watched his face.

"I don't see anyone here by that name." He shook his head.

"He must be there!"

"No."

"Weren't a group of people brought in here about two o'clock last night?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he was among them. Haven't you these names?"

And I gave him those of Jaime's friends. He looked at the sheet of paper once more.

"Yes, they're all here. But there's no Jaime Castanys."

He looked at me curiously and started to close the door. I stepped back and watched the latch as it clicked, and heard him snap the lock on the other side.

I knew there was no hope. They had come asking especially for him, and they had evidently separated him from the rest without even bothering to bring him to the detention camp. It meant only one thing.

## *Siege*

Walking home, I tried to realize that by now Jaime must be dead. When I reached the apartment an exclamation broke from Rosario's lips.

"What's happened to you? You're sopping!"

"Get ready," I said, without looking at her. "We're going to the morgue."

Despite my insistence Rosario paid no attention, and began to undress me as if I were a child. She brought me a cup of hot tea and continued talking.

"You're letting your imagination and your fears run away with you. You have no reason to believe that he's been killed."

"You don't have to talk that way to me, Rosario," I said dully. "I know as well as you do the way those things are done." I put down my cup of tea. "We've got to go and find him now."

She pushed me back.

"Janet—all right, suppose he is dead—where are you going to find him?"

"We'll go everywhere."

"Janet, be sensible. First of all, it's after seven. We can't be in the streets so late, and there are no communications, anyway. And we haven't the slightest idea where to look for him. You don't even know who took him."

"José Maria—José Maria will help us."

She turned away.

"There's no limit to what you'll ask of that man."

"It's the last thing I'll ever ask—but he's got to do this. He can—you know he can. I don't ask that he take me, only to find out where——"

It was not until the next morning that I was able to reach José Maria, and it was not until three o'clock that I

## *Dancer in Madrid*

heard from him. He entered the room, and for the first time I saw him unsmiling.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he said gravely.

"Do you know where he is?"

He nodded.

I turned and went into the bedroom to get my coat.

He followed me and helped me into it, saying, "I think you're very foolish to go, Janet. It can only be very painful for you, and since it's too late to do anything——"

We had come out in the other room. I turned to him.

"I know. But somehow I won't believe he's dead until I see him."

Rosario had put on her coat, and we all went out together. A car was at the kerb. Rosario and I got in at the back and José Maria climbed in at the front with the driver.

The car wound in and out of the streets, avoiding the shell holes and the mounds of plaster that had fallen from the buildings. As we neared the morgue a number of the streets were roped off and we had to make a wide *détour*. Finally we drew up in front of a low stone building. Inside José Maria spoke a few words to a soldier stationed in front of an office. We turned and went down a hall into a room at the end. Inside the room the floor was covered with bodies. Sheets covered some of the bodies; others had only their faces covered by the owners' coats. José Maria asked



me to stay by the door. He went quickly from body to body, raising the sheet over each face. He stopped at the

## *Siege*

end of the room, under the window, then turned and with a nod beckoned me to come.

Rosario supported me as I picked my way through the bodies to where José Maria stood. I was trembling, afraid that I was going to faint. Before I reached José Maria I saw him turn the head to one side. When I looked down I could see only the profile, but I knew it was Jaime.



XVI

*Salud, Camaradas!*

That government by the people . . . shall not perish.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Translated in the Madrid  
newspaper, "ABC")

AT the end of the third week of the siege I went again to the Embassy. I felt that, in some way or other, some arrangement could be made that would make my leaving possible. Though the Consul had offered no special encouragement during my first visit, he had said that he would get in touch with me as soon as he could arrange transportation. Other American citizens were also attempting to leave, and he had promised that he would include me when the time came. I thought possibly he might have telephoned while I was out, or had tried in some way to reach me and had been unsuccessful. At any rate another visit could do no harm.

During the week I had frequently seen José Maria and had told him of my resolve to go to America and my reasons for doing so. As far as I was concerned any personal reason I had for being in Spain had been taken from me. Though I had said to Jaime that I was going back to America, I suppose that always in the back of my mind was the thought that I might one day see him again. Two people could not go through such an experience and not have a readjustment in outlook; I had hoped that Jaime might change and we could perhaps go on together. But

## *Salud, Camaradas!*

now Jaime was dead and I had to try and visualize a world without him.

I had not seen him before he was killed, believing that I had made an important decision and that it was equally important to abide by it, no matter what past claims he had on me. But now that he was dead I felt a terrible remorse, not because I believed my decision was wrong, but because, important though it had seemed, nothing that had so far occurred between us could justify Jaime's death and my refusal to be with him. He had justified his decision by his death, but I had done nothing so far. I would have to strive very hard to give strength and proof to my belief. But what was there that I could do? Now—immediately? Be a nurse? There were thousands of Spanish women, infinitely better equipped than I for this work, who were offering themselves. In Spain I was only an additional burden, and I wanted to relieve these people of burdens. An extra mouth to be fed when there wasn't enough food for those who were really valuable; and as a foreigner, and particularly as an American, my well-being was a definite responsibility for the Spanish Government. If anything were to happen to me, even through my own fault, it could only result in unpleasant complications.

Just as my friends and neighbours treated me with love and kindness, so, in a larger way, Spain's attitude towards America had been impressed upon me more than once. I remembered the interest and questionings about America of all those I had met. Their sincere admiration for my country, which to them represented the democratic ideal, was brought home to me most forcibly on the day of Roosevelt's re-election. Madrid on that day was as interested as any American. I remembered how the news-

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papers, which had carried nothing but the war news for the past five months, had, in the midst of the unceasing bombardments that had just begun, devoted most of their front pages to a large picture of Roosevelt. Friendly *militianos* in the street, recognizing my arm-band, had stopped me and offered their congratulations, feeling that it must be as much a personal issue with me as their own successful elections would be with them.

One grizzly-haired old *miliciano*, who stood beside me as I was waiting for the tramcar, had started to speak to me about the election:

“ Ah, señorita, if it were as simple as all that for us! Just to elect a president and know that he would serve out his term.” He shook his head dolefully. “ So far, it’s cost us half a million lives to try to keep the men we want.”

As he spoke the thought came to me that of all the people in the world Americans should be the first to sympathize with the struggle in Spain. A country possessing the freedom and liberal form of government that we have should be the first to understand another country’s fighting for those very same principles. From the American papers that I had read ever since my first visit to the Embassy I knew that there was one thing that made this understanding difficult—the fact that the major portion of the American Press had not only concealed certain issues, but had done much to distort those facts which would make that understanding possible: the ridiculous assertion that there was a Bolshevik government in Spain, that all the people fighting for the Government were radicals, reds. The average man who took up his gun to fight was not only not a radical, but probably did not even know what the word meant. He did know, however, that he did not

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want any *régime*, no matter what it was called, that catapulted him back into the misery and oppression that had been his lot in Spain until a few short years ago. To put it briefly, he wanted a liberal government, whatever the form. If their demands seem radical they are so only in comparison with the people's former submission.

I felt that if some one who had been there and could tell from personal experience what the Spanish people were really fighting for, and to what extent they were willing to sacrifice themselves, it would be helping them in some way. I had come to the conclusion that this was the thing I could do; and if I only convinced my friends, or if I were fortunate enough to reach a wider audience, I would be doing something contributory.

At the Embassy the Assistant Secretary greeted me and said that Mr Johnson was very busy trying to arrange the last-minute transportation of the American citizens who still remained in Madrid. The Embassy was waiting to find out if it could get the Americans to Valencia, and whether or not there would be a warship ready to take them to France.

"I advise you to hold yourself ready, as we will call you as soon as we have word."

I asked him how we were going to get to Valencia.

"The Junta has put two large passenger buses at our disposal," he replied.

When I came out of the Embassy I decided to go and see Miguel. I knew that he was leaving for the front in a day or so, and if they called me I wouldn't have a chance to say good-bye. I started down the Castellana. There, on this beautiful avenue, the Champs-Élysées of Madrid, which had only known, first, smart horses and carriages

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and later luxurious limousines, I saw rolling slowly towards me five dirty grey tanks. They rumbled over the stone pavement, passed me on their way to the Paseo de Rosales.

At Miguel's I found little of the merry atmosphere of the first day. Luis was sitting glumly in the corner;



Augustina was cursing the day her son came back to Spain—she kept bemoaning the fact that she had insisted upon his immediate return instead of letting him stay in New York where he had received a four weeks' offer. She was further distressed by the fact that not only was Miguel going, but Rafael insisted that he would leave with his brother. The only ones who were unchanged were the two boys.

Miguel was lying on the bed playing the guitar. Rafael was listening to the radio. Miguel was dressed in a complete *miliciano* outfit, with boots that laced up to his knees. He had grown a long beard and now looked like a Spanish grandee. Every few minutes he ran to the mirror to inspect the beard, stroke it, and assume a pose.

I asked him when he was going to leave.

"I hope to-morrow," he replied, as he stood before the mirror.

Rafael took his ear away from the radio.

"If he goes—I go too."

Augustina had come into the room. I told them that I would probably leave for America very soon. She broke into fresh lamentations.

"If only you could take Miguel with you!"

"Naturally—if I could. But I'll send for him when it's all over," I promised.

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Miguel came forward.

"Don't forget any of the routines I've taught you. So when I come we can start right in. Don't forget—the only place I want to go to is New York. Maybe I'll be able to learn English while I'm at the front," he laughed.

Rafael came away from the radio.

"Are you sure Americans wouldn't like bull-fighting?"

I told him I didn't think they would, but if ever they did he should be the first to come.

We stood around for a while, then I said I had to go. They all kissed me good-bye, and Augustina presented me with a beautiful pair of antique earrings. She told me that they had belonged to her daughter who had died, and that she wished me to have them. Miguel went to the door with me.,

"Be sure and write, *guapa*."

"Don't worry, I will."

"*Hasta la vista, gitana*," he laughed.

"Good-bye!"

Three days later I went out shopping for the last time with Rosario. Shopping is a big word; to be precise, we went out to buy onions. For some time now the only food obtainable was bread, lentils, and rice. These we tried to give a little flavour with onions, but now even onions were a rarity. Our search for this great delicacy led us down into the poorest district, and the one closest to the war zone.

We had all begun to have the same callousness that a soldier feels in the front lines. All of us could distinguish the difference in sound between artillery shell, anti-aircraft gun, and, most dreaded of all, the shrapnel. When we heard that shrill whistle every one immediately threw

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himself on the ground. This was one of the first things that José Maria had told me: without stopping to think, drop to the earth. Shrapnel always explodes upward after it strikes.

As we walked through Corredores market there was a little boy sitting on one of the empty stalls. He was an alert little chap, with wide-open eyes that never left my arm-band. After Rosario and I had made a fruitless trip through the place we came back. The little boy was still there. I called him over, and he came running. I asked whether he knew the shops around here and could help us find some onions. Pressing his lips together like an old man, he said with a frown that he knew the whole district very well, that he lived there.

"I don't believe there are any onions left in Madrid," he confided seriously. "But I think I can get you some garlic."

"I'd appreciate that very much," I replied. He motioned us to follow him.

As we walked he did not stop talking for a minute. In answer to my question he told me he was nine years old.

"Aren't you ever afraid?" I asked him.

"No, señorita. I know the difference in the sounds of all the shells."

He looked at me anxiously. "You know that you must always throw yourself down when you hear something whistle by?" I nodded. "That's what I always told my little friend, Pepe, but he couldn't learn."

"How old is Pepe?" I asked.

"He is seven. Yesterday we were playing and I heard something whistle by and I threw myself down. But my friend, Pepe, he forgot—he didn't throw himself down."

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He looked up at me.

"He's in the hospital now. He lost both legs."

Before we had arrived home it had begun to rain again.



Inside, the room was dark and cold, and we did not take off our coats. It was better, we felt, to risk the cold by being wet than to freeze to death.

Any means of heating the house had long ago dis-



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appeared. There was no coal, no steam, and it was forbidden to use the electricity for anything but light. Rosario and I cheated this law by using a one-plate electric stove, both for cooking and for heating. During the day the lentils were prepared on it, and at night Rosario put it on the floor near my bed.

The rest of the people in the house had no means whatever of keeping warm. Half-completed buildings had been stripped of their scaffolding, any odd pieces of wood had long ago been burned; even the plaster-caked laths from the inside of the destroyed houses had been stuffed into the grates.

Rosario had gone into the kitchen and begun the soup when the telephone rang. It was the American Embassy.

"Miss Riesenfeld?"

"Yes."

"Please be ready to-morrow at six o'clock. An Embassy car will call for you. We are leaving Madrid at four o'clock Thursday morning."

"Thank you."

I hung up and went in to Rosario. "*Eh bien! C'est fini!* I'm leaving to-morrow, Rosario."

"So soon—after all, *ma petite*?"

I said something silly, trying to put into words how I felt about leaving her. She told me that there was no use to talk, that she knew how I felt; she felt the same way about me.

"I wish you could come with me, Rosario."

"Everything in its time. One day I may knock at your door in Hollywood. But now I could not leave Salvador."

"Of course."

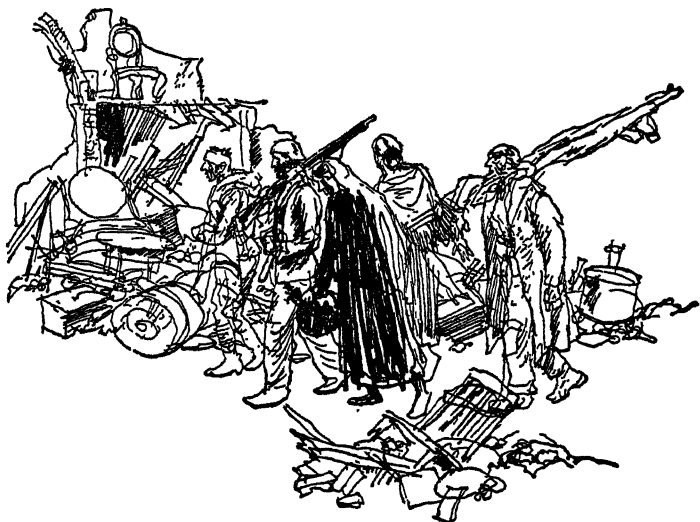
"*Eh bien!*" she said briskly. "I'm happy that you

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have a chance to get out of all this. But now there isn't much time—you'd better do whatever errands you have to do and say good-bye to your friends."

"There aren't many left, are there, Rosario?"

"Miguel——" Then she remembered. "He's gone, too, hasn't he?"



"Yes—I said good-bye to him three days ago."

"José Maria?"

I went to the 'phone. He was at the Press Building, and I asked him if he would meet me in an hour at the Brazil.

I took the tramcar, riding as far as it went. A few blocks before the Cibelles it stopped and I started to walk. The nearer I drew to the centre of the town, the more apparent the effect of the unceasing shell-fire became. Large parts of buildings had been torn away, roofs caved in, walls crumbled. Whole rows of floors slanted in one direction as the foundation and outside wall of a building sank

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forward. Through the sundered intimacy of the rooms one could see chandeliers that had been pulled from the ceiling and hung crazily in the centre; furniture had become kindling, and part of the plumbing and a broken pipe stuck out from the walls; beds had rolled to the edge of the slanting floors and hung half out in the streets. On the street there were broken bureaus, mounds of powdered glass, sodden mattresses that had not been rescued before the rain, smashed china, stray shoes, and rusting bed-springs. Loose brick and mortar were strewn along the pavement or had fallen in fan piles half-way out into the street. In the cold light a heavy dust arose above the buildings as some new shell made its mark and another cornice crashed into the streets.

I passed the large Gothic structure of the Central Post Office. Now partially demolished, it was empty. Tremendous stacks of mail-bags were piled in front—a barricade of undelivered mail had been thrown across the steps. Down the Paseo del Prado, where I had lived the first day, half of the Medio Dia station had been destroyed and now the streets around it were impassable. I walked on to the Puerto del Sol. In the midst of all this *débris*, if you still have a sense of humour left, there is something funny. The clock on the Capitol Building in the Puerta del Sol meant as much to the Madrileño as the whole Empire State Building does to New Yorkers. He not only brought out-of-town visitors to see the clock, but would himself go at midnight to watch it. Now, by some caprice, although the tower remained intact, the clock, the pride of the Madrileños, had been blown out as perfectly as one would pluck an eye from its socket.

In every direction you looked, near you and farther than

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the eye could see, there was destruction and death. To the right—Cuatro Caminos, residential district of the poor; Citade Universitariat, centre of culture and science, now a fortress; the Bombilla, and the beautiful woods where the King used to hunt deer, and where men now were being hunted; Vallecas, Paseo de Rosales, Puente de Toledo—what is the use in going on? The enumeration could be continued endlessly.

When I reached the Brazil José Maria was the only one there. He looked tired and drawn, but smiled when he saw me.

“Hello, José Maria. I’ve come to say good-bye.”

He held the chair for me and sat down.

“Do you want something to drink?”

“A vermouth, please.”

After he had ordered he turned to me.

“I’ll be sorry to see you go, Janet, but I suppose that it is the best thing for you to do.”

“That’s the way I feel. There’s nothing for me to do here.”

The waiter came back with my drink. “How much longer do you think this will last?” I asked him.

“It’s very hard to judge. Five months ago I told you a year. But now I don’t know. Of course, you realize that even if they take Madrid it doesn’t mean the end. I believe that for a lasting victory Franco will have to kill the whole Spanish people.”

“What will you do, José Maria?”

He smiled and shrugged.

“No matter what happens—how can I tell you what I’ll do? If we win it’s a whole new beginning. There will be the work of starting to build a new Spain—a Spain

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that all of us who are fighting to-day visualize. Of course, those who are here now may not be alive to see the finish, but we'll have the satisfaction of laying the foundation."

"And if we lose?"

He smiled—perhaps at my using the term "we."



"You mean if we lose Madrid?"

"Yes."

"Then we go to Valencia—and if we lose Valencia we go to Barcelona."

"And if you lose Barcelona?"

"We go where we can and we wait. Then we come back, and when the people have regained their strength and of their own accord and will claim the Spanish soil once again we'll be here to lead them."

"How long do you think you'll have to wait?" I asked.

"Not long—too much is happening. Italy and Germany will have a more important need for their soldiers."

By now we had finished our drinks. José Maria paid the waiter, and we stood up.

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"To the Press Building."

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"I'll walk with you."

We started up the street, but we had only taken a few steps when we heard the shrill whistle and fell to the pavement. The shrapnel exploded behind us. We picked ourselves up.

"You've learned how to fall," said José Maria, smiling, brushing the knees of his trousers.

In front of the Press Building we stopped. It was almost dark. We could hear the steady pounding of the heavy artillery.



"We're leaving at four in the morning," I said.

José Maria did not answer. For a moment we stood in silence. Then I held out my hand.

"I want to thank you." He took my hand. "I want to thank you for everything—I know what you've done, and the risk——"

"I was glad to do it."

"I'll write," I suggested.

"I'll miss you," he said. He had turned and was looking at me.

"I'll write," I promised. "I'll write very often so that perhaps you may get at least one letter."

"Perhaps when we begin all over again you can come back and help." He was smiling again, and I remembered the day with Villatora when I had first seen him.

"I mean to."

"We'll have dancing in the streets then," he laughed. "It'll be even more fun than the benefits. I'll come and see you every day. In the Paseo del Prado, in the Puerta del Sol . . ." The idea amused him; he continued laughing.

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Now it had become abruptly dark. Because there were no street lamps to anticipate the night it seemed to have descended very quickly. I could hardly see his face.

“Good-bye, José Maria.”

“Good-bye, Janet.”

At six-thirty in the evening the Embassy car came to call for me. At the Embassy dinner was served in the kitchen and we had lentils, fried eggs, and oranges. We slept on mattresses spread out on the floor, and in one corner a girl cried all night. Outside it began to rain again and we could hear the isolated shots of the snipers, now muffled by the sound of the falling rain. At four we were dressed, ready to go. Breakfast was creamless coffee and dry cornflakes, and afterwards we stood around until the buses came at six. We climbed in, and soon the driver took his seat and started the motor. We began driving slowly through the streets. Looking out of the window I could see Madrid in the early morning rain: sodden piles of mortar, skeleton stone buildings gutted by fire, and before the opening markets endless lines of women in black.









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